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SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1935.



ORIGINATOR OF A "NEW DEAL," WHICH HE OUTLINED ON HIS SEVENTY-SECOND BIRTHDAY: MR. LLOYD GEORGE WALKING AT CHURT, NEAR HIS SURREY HOME, ON THE EVE OF HIS SPEECH AT BANGOR.

Mr. Lloyd George made a dramatic return to active political work on his seventy-second birthday, with a speech outlining his New Deal for Great Britain—a vast scheme of national reconstruction for the revival of prosperity. He emphasised the fact that he was not opening a party campaign, but appealing to the nation to make a great effort to extricate the country, and as far as possible the world, from a crisis that has afflicted them for years. Among his principal suggestions

were a Cabinet of Five, a Development Commission (to provide work for the unemployed and promote national undertakings), a Prosperity Loan, and a big housing programme. His speech at Bangor, in which he gave a general survey of his proposals, was the first of a series in which he intends to explain them later in detail. A photograph of the meeting at Bangor, showing Mr. Lloyd George making his speech, is given on page 115 of this number.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

PRESENTED in very large letters on the leader page of a leading daily paper, I find the statement that "the problem that besets the most limpid of all America's blonde actresses . . . is too many riches." Gazing at this announcement, I fell into a trance of reflection, like those in which many modern writers have seen visions of the future; but I was only wondering in a vague way what an average society, supposing it to be restored to an average sanity, would really make of a sentence like that—if it were preserved like a papyrus or a hieroglyphic in some museum of the future. It is true, and our remote descendants might from other sources have discovered it to be true, that Americans in the nineteenth and even twentieth century have had a curious passion for competitions. Nothing is more popular as a topic in the Transatlantic Press than the action of somebody who has been insane enough to select the Six Best Songs or the Seven Best Sonnets or the Ten Best Tales of True Romance. In some moral matters, Americans have a real enthusiasm for equality; and their democratic instincts are very deep and will not easily be uprooted, even in these undemocratic days. But in other intellectual matters, perhaps because they really care less about intellectual matters, they may be said to have a passion for inequality. That is, they have a passion for classification; and they treat it as a sort of prodigiously and portentously solemn sport. Some complain that their sport is not sporting. I would not go so far; but I think it is even truer of them than of us that their sport is not sportive. Therefore they enter with excitement upon these scientific sports, which are supposed to deal with statistics and averages, but draw their inner life from an intense love of comparison and competition. All these scientific judgments are really modelled on the simple artistic judgment which I once heard from a most charming American amid the landscape of the Alps: "Well, I can't see, when you've seen the highest mountain in Switzerland, what you want to see any more for." In his view the various Alpine peaks had run a sort of race, and the peak that reached the highest point was superior in that and every other respect. When we really understand that, we can sympathise with pie-eating contests or men sitting for weeks on end in a tree—or even with less intelligent enterprises, like committees for Eugenic legislation or Intelligence Tests designed to discover whether immigrants from the countries of Dante or Copernicus are or are not human beings.

So far all is clear; or shall we say limpid? This appetite for competition and comparison is a national characteristic like any other; sometimes inspiring, sometimes amusing; we can sympathise with it, and our posterity might in some degree sympathise with it. So long as it measures the height of foreign mountains or the contour of foreigners' skulls, it is at least measuring things that are measurable. And there is a good deal of innocent fun in it, even when it is applied where it is obviously inapplicable; to measure things that are in their nature immeasurable. It might be quite amusing to capture every wandering Pegasus, ridden by every lonely poet, and organise them all with weights and handicaps as a horse-race. It might be entertaining to record that the sea-shanty of The Drunken Sailor has closed in a dead heat with the *Dies Irae*, or that "Sally in Our Alley" has beaten "I'll Sing Thee Songs of Araby" by a length and a half. I have no very clear idea what

it means, but those who organise it certainly mean no harm. Also, to do them justice, they are generally thinking about things that are to some extent practical and real; such as popularity or power of emotional effectiveness on particular occasions; sometimes, I fear, they are thinking about things still more practical, such as money. Up to a point, I am willing to be excited when they discuss what is the most popular song or the most beautiful woman; though I never saw the picture of a prizewinner in any Beauty Competition without thinking that I knew several better-looking women living in my own street. I

is my middle name" has resounded from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and numberless aspirants have assured themselves that they are just too limpid to live—before this tremendous trial of strength was decided. Possibly its echoes may have been heard even in foreign lands, and inspired the blondes of other races; except, I presume, the negro race, among whom blondes are said to be comparatively rare. The French soldier, sinking to repose to the charming tune of "Auprès de ma blonde qui fait, bon dormi," may rouse himself with a start of suspicion and hiss the fatal question: "But is she limpid?" The

German Hitlerite, now prostrate in worship of the Blonde Beast, which is his version of the Blonde Beauty, may wonder for a moment whether it is wholly, utterly, and completely limpid; which, to judge by the new German ideals as explained in the old German literary style, it is not. But in that respect the most obscure German diction is not much more bewildering than our own journalistic diction. What are we to say about that indescribable sort of newspaper writing to be noted in the example I have given? What in the world does all this sort of thing mean; and what are the vague and vast implications behind it? Why is the writer so frightfully certain that the lady is the most limpid of all American blondes, and what precisely does he mean by the epithet? The present age may be producing the most limpid blondes, but hardly the most limpid writers.

The truth is that the sort of journalism which now specially professes to be fresh, up-to-date, on-the-spot, and as new as the latest news, is, in a very peculiar sense, a residuum of stale things out of the past; an accumulation of antiquated associations of which the very origin is lost, and more like the end of everything than the beginning of anything. It is always using terms that have grown colourless through oblivion of their original context; and are now used rather with a hazy appreciation of their sound than a logical appreciation of their sense. I have called it indescribable; and it is really very difficult to describe. It goes far beyond what was once condemned as journalese, in the sense of being jaunty and even vulgar. It is a sort of jargon drawn from all sorts of languages, some of them æsthetic or scientific in origin; all these scraps of culture are now loose in the world; but, though everything is loose, nothing is lost, except the tradition of how to treat them reasonably. We have turned scientific language into a sort of slang; the sort of slang that is used to save trouble. Anybody

can talk about problems and nobody need bother about solutions; anybody is free to talk about a complex so long as he can ignore its complexity; anybody can borrow a word from the studios or the workshops, so long as he does not pay it back by making any study or doing any work.

Some people seem ready to call this limpid, but I should be inclined to call it limp. The increasing inconclusiveness of most articles in the Press and elsewhere seems to me the most disquieting mark of our mental development. It is not found only in sentimental and sensational headlines, such as that I have quoted; indeed, the end of such an article is even more limp than the beginning. We may yet live to regret the passing of the political party slanging-match or the mere newspaper sensation. They were at least limpid.



A REMBRANDT ACQUIRED BY AN AMERICAN MUSEUM: THE PORTRAIT OF LUCRETIA MEDITATING SUICIDE (SIGNED AND DATED 1666) WHICH WAS RECENTLY BOUGHT BY THE MINNEAPOLIS INSTITUTE OF ARTS.

This portrait of Lucretia by Rembrandt (1607-1669) has recently been acquired by the Minneapolis Institute of Arts from the collection of the late Mr. Herschel V. Jones of that city. It was once in the Wombwell Collection in London. The canvas measures 43.1-8 in. by 36.1-3 in. An explanatory note says: "It is signed and dated 1666, and is therefore one of the last great examples of Rembrandt's genius. The painting represents Lucretia contemplating suicide after the rape by Sextus Tarquinius. It is a portrayal in which all outer dramatisation has been abandoned, and one that illustrates strikingly the mystical quality of the artist's late work. All expression is concentrated in the face, particularly in the eyes, which reveal most touchingly Lucretia's decision to take her own life. The magnificent use of chiaroscuro, mastery of which was perhaps Rembrandt's greatest single achievement, to emphasise Lucretia's torturing mental debate, places this picture among the most moving of Rembrandt's creations."

should therefore accept, with a slight sigh, the statement that somebody was the most beautiful of all America's blonde actresses. But surely it is by some more curious convolutions of thought that anybody can reach so firm and fixed a belief that she is "the most limpid of all America's blonde actresses."

It seems to be assumed that all America's blonde actresses are engaged in a fierce competition for limpidity—whatever that may be. Not without bitter rivalries and breathless jealousies has the peculiar palm been won. Challenges have been issued to the multitudinous towns and villages of the vast prairies and the wide open spaces where blondes are blondes. Indignant families have declared that our Sadie is as limpid as any of these dames down east; and Clytie has told her sisters that she means to be just as limpid as she knows how. The cry of "Limpid



THE VETERAN WAR-TIME PREMIER ANNOUNCES HIS "NEW DEAL": MR. LLOYD GEORGE, ON HIS SEVENTY-SECOND BIRTHDAY, MAKING HIS MEMORABLE SPEECH AT BANGOR. As noted on our front page, Mr. Lloyd George outlined his "New Deal" for the restoration of national prosperity in a speech at Bangor on January 17. The drill hall was packed with nearly 7000 people, and the veteran statesman had a great reception. "Mammon and Mars," he said, "have made a horrible mess in this generation of the affairs of mankind. . . . It is time they were both certified as dangerous lunatics and put under lock and key."

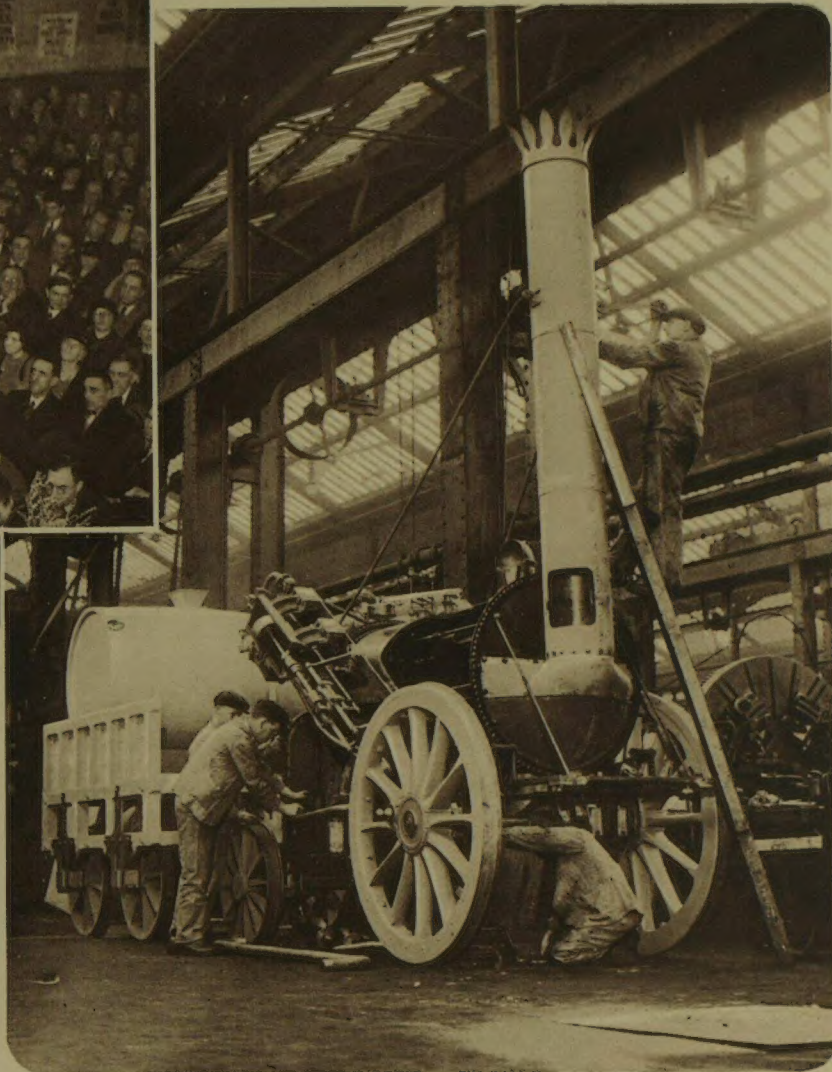


THE CHANCELLOR AT A GATHERING WHERE HE COMMENTED ON MR. LLOYD GEORGE'S "NEW DEAL": MR. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN (THIRD FROM LEFT) IN BELFAST. At the Ulster Unionist Council gathering in Belfast, Mr. Neville Chamberlain, Chancellor of the Exchequer, said of Mr. Lloyd George's "New Deal": "These proposals, which at first sight seem rather disappointing and rather lacking in precision, will nevertheless be examined, when completed, with an open mind by his Majesty's Government." Our photograph shows (l. to r.) Sir Crawford McCullagh (Lord Mayor of Belfast), Lady Craigavon, Mr. Chamberlain, Lord Craigavon (Premier of Northern Ireland), Mrs. Chamberlain, Lord Londonderry, and Lady Charlemont.



AFTER THE PRESENTATION OF MEDALS TO THE GERMAN HEROES OF THE "SISTO" RESCUE: CHIEF OFFICER WIESEN, OF THE "NEW YORK," READING HIS ADDRESS AT LLOYDS. Lloyd's medals for saving life at sea were presented to men of the Hamburg-Amerika liner "New York," on January 18, for their bravery on the occasion of the rescue of the "Sisto's" crew in the Atlantic. Mr. S. J. Aubrey, Chairman of Lloyd's, made the presentations. Chief Officer (formerly Second Officer) Wiesen replied on behalf of himself and the boat crew. We illustrated the "Sisto" rescue by a double-page in our issue of January 5.

THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.



BUILDING A REPLICA OF STEPHENSON'S "ROCKET": WORK BEING CARRIED OUT AT DARLINGTON FOR THE SCIENCE MUSEUM, SOUTH KENSINGTON. A new "Rocket" locomotive, a replica of the original, is being made by Robert Stephenson and Co., Ltd., of Darlington (the town in which the "Rocket" was built in 1829), for the Science Museum, South Kensington. It will take its place beside what is left of the original engine, which has been in South Kensington since 1862. The original has been so damaged in the past that its appearance is now little like what it was a hundred years ago.



AN AEROPLANE ABOUT TO LAND ON AN AIRCRAFT-CARRIER: A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN FROM H.M.S. "FURIOUS." That extraordinary-looking ship, the "Furious," has had a chequered history. She was originally designed as a "large light cruiser" in 1915. After being converted into a carrier, she served with the Grand Fleet in 1916 and 1917; but, as it was found that the air eddies from her mast and funnel (then amidships) tended to make alighting a difficult operation, in 1921 she was again modified, and now her flight deck presents an unbroken appearance.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

LAST week I reviewed certain books concerning our native art—of the industrial sort—as displayed at present in Burlington House. This week I carry on the tradition by beginning with an imposing work that recalls the previous winter show in the same galleries—"A COMMEMORATIVE CATALOGUE OF THE EXHIBITION OF BRITISH ART." Royal Academy of Arts, London, January-March 1934. Illustrated (Oxford University Press and Humphrey Milford; 50s. net.).

This lavishly illustrated volume is not only a comprehensive record of last year's memorable exhibition, possessing the attractions of a souvenir for the 220,000 people who saw it, but forms in itself an epitome of British art from the beginning to about the end of the nineteenth century. Moreover, for collectors interested in the history of individual paintings and other works, the notes on each exhibit provide a mine of information. The scope of the record is indicated by the fact that the exhibition contained over 1600 items. There are no fewer than 256 plates on art paper, most of them containing at least two subjects each, while the quality of the reproduction is first-rate. For purposes of reference and (equally important) of cross-reference between text and illustrations, the book is admirably planned, and is duly furnished with indices (of artists and contributors to the exhibition), besides a concordance collating the respective numbers of the items in the exhibition catalogue with those of the present work. I have personally tested a good many of the cross-references, and have found them watertight.

No compiler's name appears on the title-page, but in the preface it is stated that the editing has been carried out by Professor W. G. Constable and Mr. Charles Johnson, assisted by Miss Elizabeth Senior and Miss Olive Briggs. Many other names of persons who rendered help are mentioned, with the comment that "debts to scholars throughout the country are so numerous as almost to defy acknowledgment." This commemorative catalogue, though based on the bigger of the two issued during the exhibition, is largely a new work. "All the entries," we read, "have been revised; many of the descriptions have been re-written and enlarged. . . . In plan the catalogue has been entirely changed, the entries now being grouped according to material, and within these groups arranged on a chronological basis, with the purpose of indicating the historical development of the different arts represented. For the illustrations, many of the exhibits were re-photographed; and it is believed that the number of objects reproduced is larger than in any similar catalogue."

So many painters of landscape or architectural subjects omit to mention locality, preferring such titles as "Flaming June" or "The Village Spire," that I hardly imagine artists set much store by topography or local history, or would wish their work to be considered from that point of view. This reflection occurred to me when I came to the next book on my list, which suggests the notion that an index of places and persons represented in pictures shown at the British Art Exhibition might have afforded me some connecting links. I have, indeed, tracked one such link—slightly remote—through a reference (in the index of contributors) to Barking Church, as having lent to the exhibition a fifteenth-century effigy of Martinus, first Vicar of Barking (1315-1328), of which a photograph is also given. This brings me to a new volume of the L.C.C. "SURVEY OF LONDON." Under the general Editorship of G. H. Gater (for the Council) and Walter H. Godfrey (for the London Survey Committee). Vol. XV. The Parish of All Hallows, Barking-by-the-Tower, Part II. With 120 full-page Reproductions and many Text Illustrations. (Published for the London County Council by Country Life, Ltd.; £2 2s. net.). This volume completes the survey of that historic London parish whose present Vicar, the Rev. P. B. Clayton, is the moving spirit in a great scheme for the regeneration of the Tower district. The story of the church itself was told in Part I., while

the present volume describes the personal memorials in it, and other notable buildings in the parish, such as Muscovy House, Catherine Court, Sir Robert Tate's house (34, Great Tower Street), and the sites of the Royal Lady Chapel and the former Custom House on Old Wool Quay.

Most of the objects shown in the illustrations have more affinity with the current exhibition at Burlington House than with that of last year, relating as they do largely to architecture and interior decoration. Some of them, however, might come into the general record of British art, such as the brasses and other sepulchral monuments, and, more particularly, the subject of the frontispiece—a painted altar-piece, with Sir Robert Tate's coat-of-arms. The panels of this altar-piece formed part of Horace Walpole's collection at Strawberry Hill, and were purchased in 1842 by the Duke of Sutherland. There is an incidental allusion connecting Mr. Clayton's benefice with that of Martinus in the fourteenth century. "The early history of the parish [All Hallows] holds many problems that have been only partially resolved. Its name, a clear indication of its old association with Barking Abbey, in Essex, would no doubt grow in significance if we could learn more of its pre-Conquest organisation. . . . The parish lived largely

of Middlesex, the residue, as this book shows, still contains an astonishing amount of historical associations. By pleading its cause in so lively and effective a style, the author has deserved well of the older county.

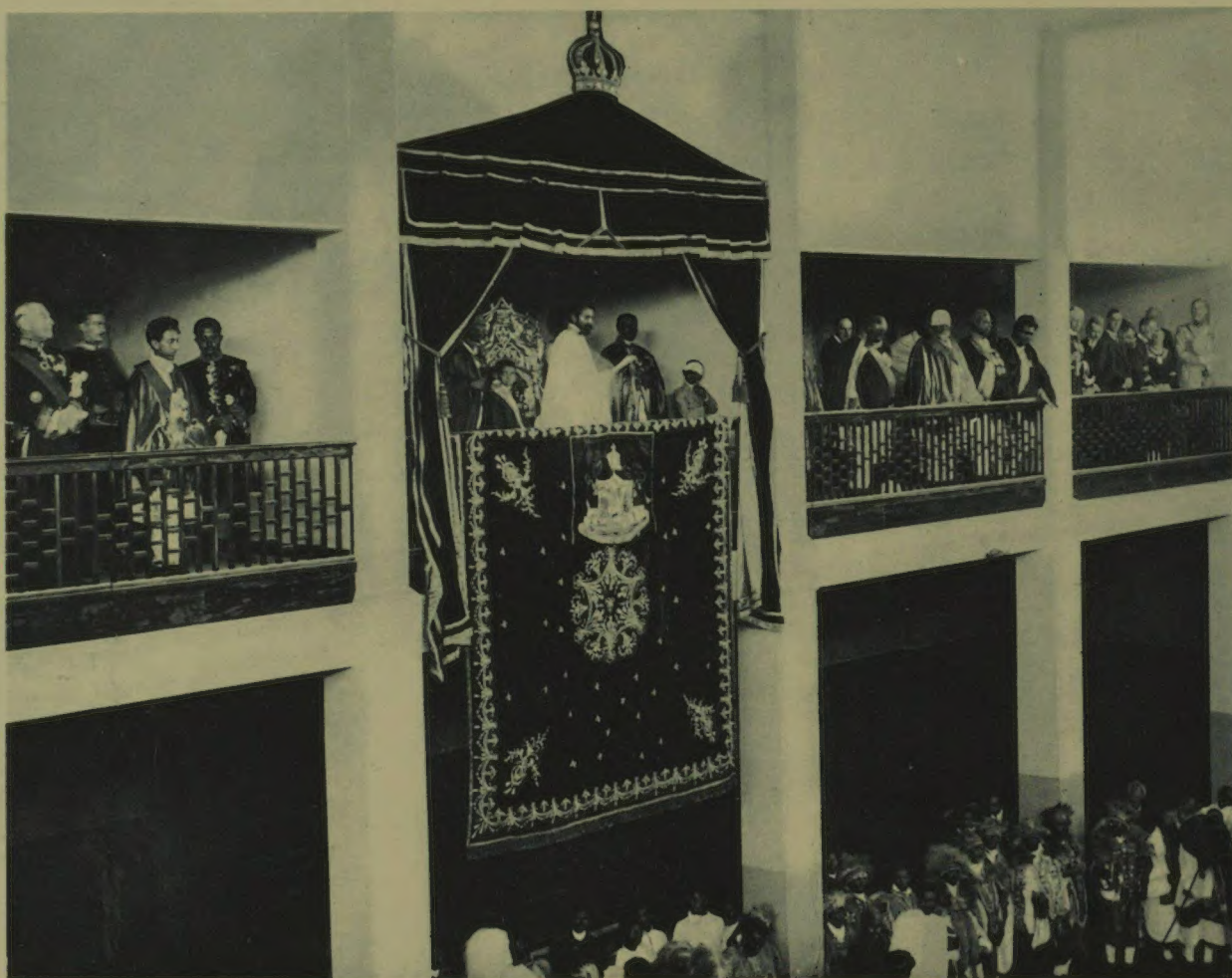
As Mr. Briggs points out, Middlesex, by its proximity to London, has always contained a number of notable country seats. Many of these have been swept away or left derelict by the modern speed of travel, which carries the Londoner much further afield. The same is true of the home counties south of the river, and an interesting example of such bygone mansions, formerly rural retreats, is recalled in "BATTERSEA RISE." By Dorothy Pym. With a Foreword by the Marquess of Crewe. With eight Illustrations (Jonathan Cape; 10s. 6d.). It may sound curious to many Londoners nowadays, no doubt, to associate Battersea Rise with a country house, for, as the author says, "The exigencies of modern life have destroyed its shell, and now, where it stood, surrounded by its gardens and fields, stretch an infinity of suburban villas and roads, a utilitarian blot on the outskirts of London." The house was the home of the well-known Thornton family, to which the author herself belongs, "from 1792 to 1900 or thereabouts," and in the earlier generations they counted among

their friends Macaulay, Pitt, Wilberforce, and Hannah More. Through the medium of her own memories of the house in girlhood, the author evokes the atmosphere of the sedate Victorian life once lived within its walls. It is a vivid picture of the old house and its former inmates that is here called up—a kind of "Forsyte Saga" in real life—but, for all her family loyalty, the author writes with a certain modern detachment, disclaiming the strait and narrow tenets of the Clapham Sect.

Before the Saar plebiscite has quite outlived its topicality, it behoves me to mention briefly a few recent works concerning German politics. It is perhaps natural that books published outside Germany just now should tend to express the exile's point of view, and be hostile to the present régime. Anyhow, those that have reached me are all anti-Nazi and highly controversial. In so far as they were written before the plebiscite, they are, to that extent, answered by the criticism of events, but they serve to show the ideas and influences with which the present rulers of Germany have to contend,

and perhaps contain some clues to the future. A new scheme of reconstruction, apparently on the lines of a democratic "Holy Roman Empire," is adumbrated by one who claims as his ancestors "twelve men who wore the Germano-Roman Imperial crown" in a book with the confident title, "AFTER HITLER'S FALL." Germany's Coming Reich. By Prince Hubertus Loewenstein. Author of the "Tragedy of a Nation." Translated by Denis Waldock (Faber; 7s. 6d.). The author, who mentions incidentally that he is under twenty-eight and was expelled by the National Socialists last May, is no friend of Communism. He cries, as it were, "A plague on both your houses!" and declares that a Communist Germany would be "the final downfall of the West and its Christian civilisation." He rather hopes that National Socialism "will not collapse too quickly, as at present there is nothing to take its place," the Communists being the only body with a programme ready.

Three other books, more violently anti-Hitler in tone, have issued from the Bodley Head—"THE SAAR AT FIRST HAND." By Theodor Balk (7s. 6d.); "HEIL!" A Picture Book Compiled from Authentic Material. Illustrated (7s. 6d.); and "HITLER REARMS." An Exposure of Germany's War Plans. Edited by Dorothy Woodman. Introduction by the Earl of Listowel, and twenty-five Illustrations from Original Sources (10s. 6d.). This last book propounds, in conclusion, a fateful question: "Is it simply a case of wishing to be strong against the day of negotiation? Could anyone dream—Hitler has said so repeatedly—of setting ablaze so great a horror? That may be so to-day, for the instrument of war is not ready. But to-morrow?" On the answer to this question, possibly, the future peace of Europe may depend.—C. E. B.



THE EMPEROR OF ABYSSINIA OPENS THE NEW PARLIAMENT BUILDING AT ADDIS ABABA: HIS MAJESTY HAILE SILASSIE READING HIS SPEECH; WITH THE CROWN PRINCE, ASFAOU WOSAN, AND MEMBERS OF THE DIPLOMATIC CORPS IN THE BALCONY ON THE LEFT.

on the sea-borne trade that used its quays, and it participated, often in poignant manner, in the life and events that make up the history of the Tower." An appendix to the volume describes Roman and mediaeval relics found during excavations (1928-1933) at All Hallows Church, in connection with certain underpinning work.

While the last-named volume, both in character and price, may be a little above the heads of most people, being indeed more suited to libraries and places where they study records of the past with scientific exactitude, a specific appeal is made to the general reader in a more popular work of topography near London—"MIDDLESEX," Old and New. By Martin S. Briggs. With a hundred Illustrations and a Map by the Author (Allen and Unwin; 8s. 6d.). I like the author's drawings as much as his descriptions; the more so as, being a Londoner, I am fairly familiar with the ground he covers. "This volume," he writes, "represents an endeavour to rescue, from the apparently irresistible and relentless tide of spreading suburbia, some memory of the scenes and old buildings which are annually becoming submerged and forgotten, if not actually destroyed. . . . If only the general public could be made to realise how much could be done in this direction with the support of strong local action, and how often it is actually profitable, in a financial sense, to restrict the senseless methods of ignorant land-sharks and jerry-builders, much of Middlesex might still retain its attractions." Thus his aim is not only to interest the new residents in their locality, by describing its charm and revealing traces of the past, but to preserve these amenities by intelligent town-planning. Even since the creation of London County in 1889 tore the heart out

THE NEW HOUSING BILL: ONE-ROOM HOMES BEFORE AND AFTER.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I.



WAR ON OVERCROWDING: (ABOVE) SLUM CONDITIONS—SIX PERSONS SLEEPING IN ONE ROOM (FATHER AND MOTHER, ELDEST SON AND WIFE, AND TWO YOUNGER CHILDREN); (BELOW) AS IT WILL BE—FATHER, MOTHER, AND CHILD.

Our artist illustrates here the type of changes which the Government's drastic new Housing Bill is designed to bring about. It comprises a five-year programme of slum-clearance and is aimed in particular against the evils of overcrowding. For the first time a standard is established fixing the numbers of occupants for specified numbers of rooms, and it would be a punishable offence to exceed that standard. These numbers must be small enough to permit of proper separation of the sexes, except in the case of husband and wife and children under the age of ten. Subject to that exception, the maximum numbers of occupants in each house are prescribed as follows: "(a) one room, 2; (b) two

rooms, 3; (c) three rooms, 5; (d) four rooms, 7½; (e) five rooms or more, 10, with an additional 2 persons in respect of each room in excess of five." It will be the occupier's duty to see that the maximum is not exceeded, and the landlord will also be liable if he has reason to know of such infringement and does not take reasonable steps to rectify it, but actual proceedings could be taken only by the responsible local authority. The above drawings contrast slum conditions still existing in certain localities with things as they will be under the new measure. The Bill requires a Survey by every local authority to discover instances of overcrowding, and the provision of new accommodation.

MASCAGNI'S NEW OPERA, "NERONE"—TO BE HEARD BY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY



ACT I: A TAVERN IN ROME, WHERE NERO (SIGNOR AUBRIANO FERTILE), DISGUISED AS A SLAVE, AND PURSUING A GREEK GIRL, ÆGLOGE, IS ATTACKED BY A GLADIATOR—AN INCIDENT BEFORE THE EMPEROR, THEREUPON RECOGNISED, REMAINS TO CAROUSE AND SINGS THE PRAISES OF OLD FALEARNIAN.



ACT II: THE TERRACE OF THE FAMOUS DOMUS AUREA (GOLDEN HOUSE) ON THE PALATINE, WITH THE EMPEROR'S MARBLE SEAT AND A STATUE OF VENUS—A SCENE WHERE NERO SINGS A PASSAGE FROM SOPHOCLES AND A DUET WITH THE GREEK SLAVE-GIRL, ÆGLOGE.

It was stated recently that British radio listeners would soon have an opportunity of hearing Signor Pietro Mascagni's new opera, "Nerone" ("Nero"), as Italian broadcasting stations would relay performances (conducted by himself) from the Scala Opera House, Milan, on January 27 and 31, beginning at 7.30 p.m. This much-discussed work was produced at last at La Scala on January 16, and the veteran composer, now aged seventy-two, received a great ovation. Mascagni began his opera as far back as 1891-2, but laid it aside on hearing from Verdi that Arrigo Boito was also at work on the same theme. Boito's "Nerone" was posthumously

produced in 1924. When Boito died in 1918, Mascagni resumed the subject, but did not complete the score till 1933. The libretto was adapted by the late Professor Tozzetti from a drama by the nineteenth-century Italian poet, Pietro Cosca. While Boito emphasised the persecution of the Christians, Mascagni touches only lightly thereon in his first act, and, following Cosca, concentrates on one aspect of Nero's character—that of the mad voluptuary who believed himself a great poet and musician. Signor Mascagni has himself said: "Nero was undoubtedly an assassin, a monster, but he was also a great lover of art and perhaps even himself an artist.

BRITISH LISTENERS: A HISTORIC PRODUCTION AT MILAN.

S. A. CHIELLA.



ACT III, SCENE I: THE CAROUSAL IN THE TRICLINIUM (DINING-HALL) OF NERO'S PALACE, THE DOMUS AUREA, WITH THE EMPEROR (LEFT CENTRE) SINGING A HYMN TO LIFE—AN ORGY TURNED TO TRAGEDY WHEN ÆGLOGE IS POISONED BY THE JEALOUS FREEDWOMAN, ACTE.



ACT III, SCENE 2: "WHAT AN ARTIST DIES IN ME!"—NERO, HAVING FLED FROM REVOLUTION, IS FOUND DYING IN A RUSTIC HUT, WHERE HE HAS STABBED HIMSELF, URGED BY THE EXAMPLE OF ACTE (SIGNORA BRUNA RASA), SEEN LYING DEAD BESIDE HIM.

He was also essentially a melodramatic figure, and I have set to music a melodrama." The opera has three acts, the third being divided into two scenes. Act I. shows a Roman tavern by night. Someone curses the tyranny of Nero and preaches Christianity. Suddenly there rushes in a beautiful Greek slave, Ægloge, pursued by two men, one of whom, attacked by a gladiator present, is revealed as Nero in disguise. Ægloge is carried off, and Nero, having pardoned his assailant, with histrionic clemency, remains drinking and sings the praises of old Falerian. The setting of Act II. is a terrace of the famous Domus Aurea (Golden House) on the Palatine.

The first scene of Act III. is laid in the triclinium (dining-hall) of the Domus Aurea, and an orgy turns to tragedy when Ægloge is poisoned by Nero's former love, the jealous freedwoman, Acte. Amid the chaos a revolution is announced, and Nero, forsaken by all but Acte and his servant, Phaon, takes to flight. The closing scene is laid in Phaon's hut, four miles from Rome. Soldiers approach, and Nero would kill himself rather than be taken alive, but lacks courage till Acte cries: "Look at me and learn!" and stabs herself. Nero, with Phaon's aid, follows her example and utters his last words—"Qualis artifex pereo" ("What an artist dies in me!")

AN EFFIGY IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY RESTORED TO ITS CONDITION IN 1736.



FROM THE EFFIGY OF THE 2ND DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM:
THE SHIRT AND STOCK BAND, TRIMMED WITH LACE.



EVIDENTLY ONCE THE DUKE'S OWN:
AN EMBROIDERED SILK COAT.

AN 18TH-CENTURY DUKE'S COSTUME PRESERVED AS HE WORE IT WHEN ALIVE.



FROM THE FIGURE OF THE SECOND DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM
IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY: RED VELVET BREECHES.



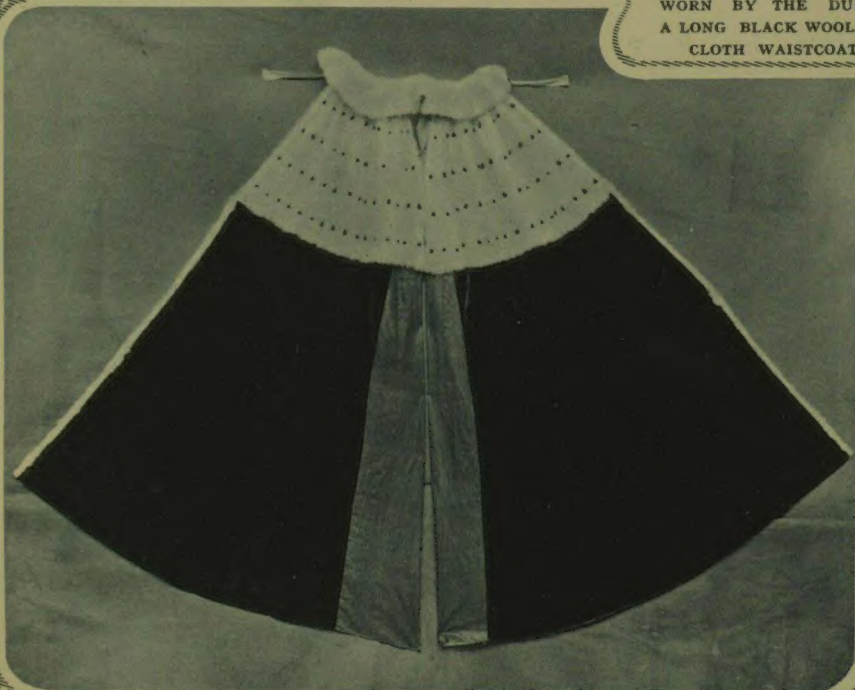
MANIFESTLY FROM A DEATH-MASK: THE DUKE'S
HEAD BEAUTIFULLY MODELLED IN WAX.



USED TO PAD THE
EFFIGY, BUT EVIDENTLY
WORN BY THE DUKE:
A LONG BLACK WOOLLEN
CLOTH WAISTCOAT.



THE DUKE'S POWDERED WIG, BEARING HIS NAME
AND A GERRARD STREET LABEL INSIDE.



A RED VELVET MANTLE TRIMMED WITH MINIVER (AFTER CLEANING): THE ROBE
SHOWN (BEFORE CLEANING) ON THE EFFIGY IN THE ADJOINING PHOTOGRAPH.



THE SHOES, MADE OF WHITE LEATHER, WITH SLIGHTLY UPTURNED TOES,
LARGE RED HEELS, AND SILVER BUCKLES SET WITH PASTE.



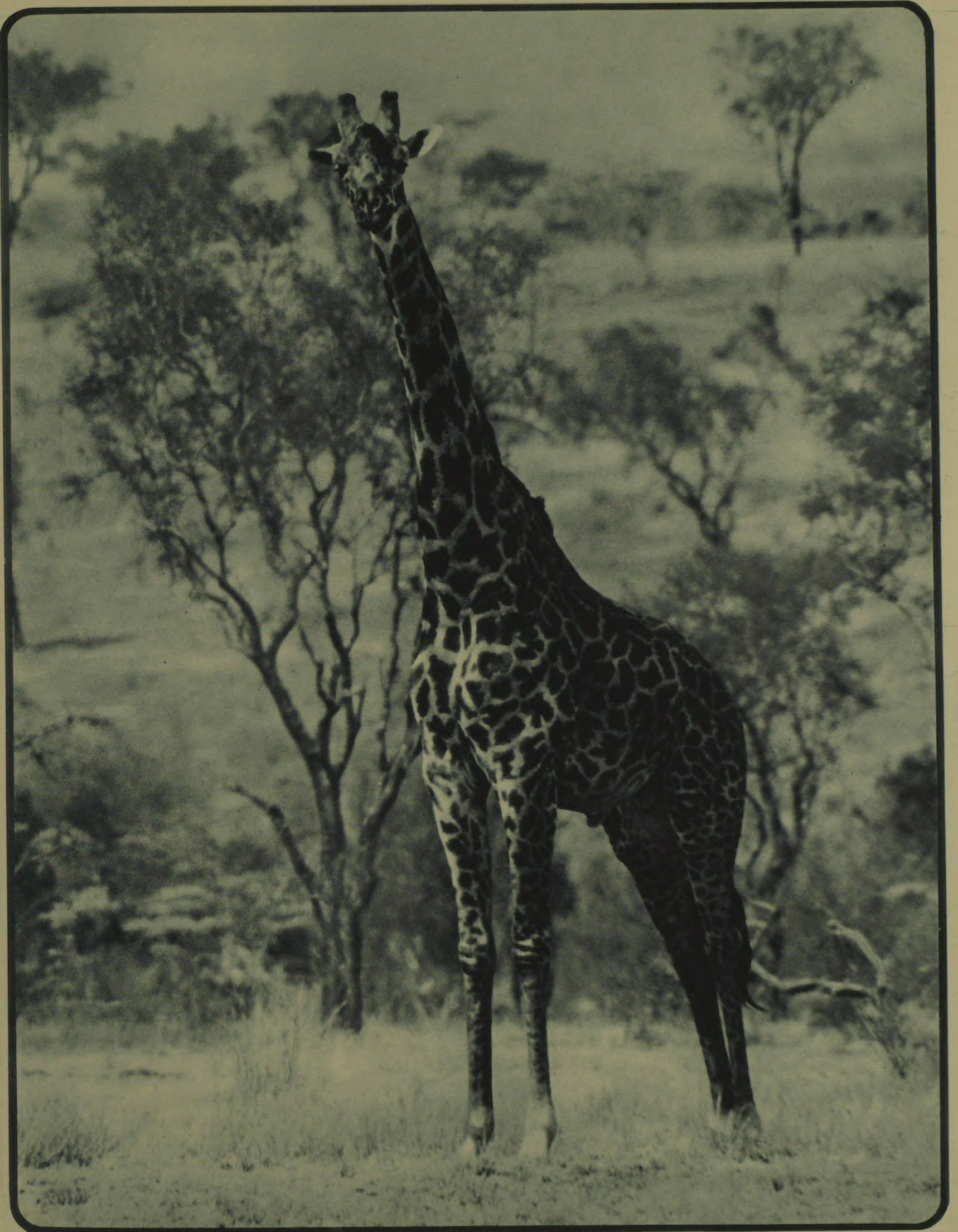
BEFORE CLEANING: THE EFFIGY AS CARRIED IN THE DUKE'S FUNERAL
ON JANUARY 31, 1736, THOUGH THE CORONET MAY BE A SUBSTITUTE.

We have previously illustrated several of the Westminster Abbey wax effigies as cleaned at the Victoria and Albert Museum. The last one was that of Queen Anne, in our issue of October 13, 1934. That here shown represents the second Duke of Buckingham (1716-1735) and was carried in his funeral at the Abbey. He died in Rome. The garments were photographed after cleaning, but the complete effigy is shown before renovation. Mr. Lawrence E. Tanner, Keeper of the Abbey Muniments, writes: "Beneath the mantle is a magnificent rose silk coat richly embroidered with flowers and evidently part of his personal wardrobe. It

is slightly mutilated on one side owing to a robbery in 1737. . . . At the same time, the original ducal coronet probably disappeared, for the existing one is of poor quality. . . . Inside the wig a label bears the maker's name, 'Francis Caraffa, Peruke Maker, next door to the Rummer Tavern in Gerrard Street, St. Anne's, Soho,' and on it is written 'H. G. ye D. of Buckingham, 1735.' In his right hand the Duke holds a gilded wooden staff, and he has a dummy sword. At his feet is couched a roughly-carved wild boar, one of the supporters of his family coat of arms. . . . The head of the effigy is quite evidently from a death-mask."

THE ROMANCE OF A GIRAFFE: A TANGANYIKAN LOVE STORY.

PHOTOGRAPH AND DESCRIPTION BY FRANK ANDERSON, HONORARY GAME RANGER, ARUSHA, T.T. COPYRIGHT STRICTLY RESERVED.



1. THE HERO OF THE ROMANCE, WHOSE WOOING IS RECORDED PHOTOGRAPHICALLY ON THE FOLLOWING PAGES: A FINE YOUNG BULL GIRAFFE—PHOTOGRAPHED NEAR ARUSHA, IN NORTH TANGANYIKA.

Our readers will recall the singularly fine photographs of lions devouring their kill, taken in Tanganyika by Mr. Frank Anderson, which were reproduced in our issue of October 27 last. Here, and on the two following pages, we give a series of equally remarkable snapshots illustrating the love romance of a giraffe, also taken by Mr. Anderson. Northern Tanganyika, near Arusha, provided the setting of the idyll. Mr. Anderson notes, among other things: "It is my belief that this is the first time that the giraffe's love procedure has been successfully photographed. The birth of twins is also a very rare event. Some six years ago,

through the efforts of local residents, a giraffe reserve was created in the vicinity of Arusha, and it has been interesting to note the great increase in numbers during that time. The photographing of these animals, however, is not easy, as their great height (amounting to sixteen or seventeen feet) and keen eyesight enable them to keep just out of camera range on most occasions." The photograph reproduced on this page shows the hero of the occasion, a fine young bull. His wooing of his mate, and the happy result of their union, will be found described and recorded photographically on the following pages.



2. THE BEGINNING OF THE BULL GIRAFFE'S WOOLING; WHEN, HAVING ATTRACTED THE ATTENTION OF A YOUNG COW IN A HERD, HE CIRCLED ROUND, OCCASIONALLY STOPPING BEFORE A BUSH, FULLY EXTENDING HIS NECK, AS THOUGH TO SHOW OFF HIS FINE PHYSIQUE, AND MAKING A PRETENCE OF NIBBLING A SHOOT

MR. FRANK ANDERSON, who, as noted on the previous page, obtained these remarkable photographs of the romance of a giraffe, has written the following description for us: "My wife and I first met the hero of this romance in our coffee plantation, when he was little more than three years old. Here he fed on the tips of the albizias—the coffee-shade trees. He was a fine upstanding young bull and we wondered why he was always alone, obviously avoiding several other bulls who lived a few miles away on the edge of the Kisumu Plains. But, one morning, a native told us he had left the plantation and was proceeding slowly towards a herd of his own species, temporarily living in bush country some distance away. So, curious to see what he was up to, we followed in the car. When

(Continued below)



3. AT LAST HIS LADY PROVED SO FAR GRACIOUS AS TO LEAVE HER MOTHER AND THE HERD AND MEET HIM HALF-WAY; WHEN HE APPROACHED AND SOMEWHAT ROUGHLY BRUSHED HIS NECK AGAINST HERS, THEN, OVERCOME BY SHYNESS, TURNED HIS HEAD ASIDE, AND THUS REMAINED UNTIL SHE GENTLY RETURNED HIS CARESS.

we sighted him, he was within 200 yards of the herd, with head erect and ears cocked, and looking intently towards it. Occasionally he gave us a nervous side-glance as, step by step, he approached closer. Suddenly a young cow separated from her companions and, with apparent unconcern, walked to within perhaps 50 yards of our now very excited young bull. Carefully she scrutinised him for a minute or two, then turned her back on him and returned to her parents. The young bull seemed more than impressed with her beauty, for he showed no inclination to move on; instead, he leisurely circled the herd, keeping some 70 to 100 yards between it and himself. Sometimes he would stop before a bush, fully extend his neck as if to show off his fine physique, and pretend to nibble at some tender shoot; but all

(Continued in centre)

THE ROMANCE OF A GIRAFFE: A TANGANYIKAN LOVE STORY. THE TALE OF A WOOLING AMID THE THORN TREES AND THE COFFEE-SHADES



4. THE PAIR OF LOVERS SLOWLY MOVED OFF FROM HIS ADVANCES GREW BOLDER. AFTER HALF AN HOUR OF THE FAMILY SHE HAD FORSAKEN, AND, FOR PERHAPS

the time his eyes intently watched the young cow. Now and then she sauntered in his direction and once he moved towards her, but at once she timidly returned to the protection of her mother. This little comedy went on for some three hours and we began to get impatient with this coquette for keeping our young bull on tenterhooks for so long, but at last she did come half-way to him and sheltered from the hot sun in the scanty shade of a thorn tree. He needed no second invitation, but quickly



5. HAVING SATISFIED HERSELF THAT THEY WERE NO LONGER OBSERVED, SHE MOVED OFF AGAIN, WITH VIEW, SHE SEEMED TO BE STILL TEASING HIM. HE SHE, WOMAN LIKE, WOULD TURN HER HEAD AWAY.

PHOTOGRAPHS AND DESCRIPTION BY FRANK ANDERSON, HONORARY



THE OTHERS, AND, AS THEY DREW FARTHER AWAY, SHE STOPPED AND LOOKED BACK IN THE DIRECTION TEN MINUTES, THEY BOTH STOOD MOTIONLESS. THEN—

approached her and almost roughly brushed his neck against hers. The touch of her filled him with shyness, and he turned his head to one side and remained thus until she gently returned his caress. Now the pair slowly moved off from the other, and, as they got further away from her mother and companions, he grew bolder in his advances, walked closer to her, and tried repeatedly to rub his neck against hers. After half an hour she stopped and looked back in the direction of the family she had forsaken—

(Continued on right)



LONGER OBSERVED, SHE MOVED OFF AGAIN, WITH VIEW, SHE SEEMED TO BE STILL TEASING HIM. HE SHE, WOMAN LIKE, WOULD TURN HER HEAD AWAY.

GAVE RANGES, ARUSA, T.T. COPYRIGHT STRICTLY RESERVED.



6. TIME PASSED, AND THE HAPPY COUPLE WERE NO MORE TO BE FOUND. AT LAST, AFTER NEARLY A YEAR, THE BULL WAS SEEN RETURNING TO HIS ANCIENT HAUNTS, GROWN LARGER THAN BEFORE. HIS NERVOUSNESS GAVE COLOUR TO THE BELIEF THAT HIS LOVED-ONE WAS NEAR AT HAND, AND—

now out of sight, and for perhaps ten minutes they both stood motionless thus. Having satisfied herself they were no longer observed, she turned to the young bull, rubbed her long slender neck down his with a provoking sweep and galloped off, with him close behind. As they disappeared from view in a rapid walk, we got the impression that she was still teasing our young friend, as he continually tried to fondle her neck as they proceeded, whilst she, woman like, turned her head away. Month followed month and we missed the sight of our fine bull. Then the Masika (long rains) started, and the whole country was soon a delight to the eye, with long, waving grass and every tree bursting with leaf. One evening, when the dry weather had once more set in, we were walking along

(Continued below)



7. FOLLOWING HIS SPOOR TO THE EDGE OF THE MOUNTAIN FOREST, HIS LADY WAS DISCOVERED, STANDING GUARD OVER HER NEWLY-BORN TWINS, MOST CAREFULLY CAMOUFLAGED IN THE SHADOWS. HERE, UNTIL THE CALVES CAN GALLOP, THEY ARE SAFER FROM LIONS, WHO USUALLY PREFER THE MORE OPEN PLAIN COUNTRY.

the slopes of our mountain—Mondul—in the hope of bagging a guinea-fowl, when we saw a strangely familiar giraffe coming towards us. He was bigger and his colouring was slightly darker than when we had last seen him, but there was no doubt in our minds that he was the same young bull who had sheltered so long in the plantation, and, as he passed us by in somewhat of a hurry, it struck us that perhaps his lady was somewhere near. Next morning we retraced our steps and followed his spoor, which led us to the edge of the mountain forest, and there, only a few yards away, we spotted her, standing guard over her newly-born twins, most carefully camouflaged in the forest. And so now we have a family of four living on our albizias."

BULL THE BUILDER.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"THE STORY OF ENGLAND'S ARCHITECTURE": By THOMAS E. TALLMADGE.*

(PUBLISHED BY DENT.)

IT is not easy to classify this book. Mr. Tallmudge points out—and the fact is certainly remarkable—that in all the vast literature of the subject, there is no continuous, complete history of English architecture. This volume supplies a useful general survey; but to regard it as a history, in any serious sense, would, we imagine, surprise and amuse nobody more than the author. On the other hand, wisely refraining from competition with the indefatigable Baedeker, he would not have us regard it as a guide-book. It is frequently reminiscent of that form of composition, and not without usefulness from that point of view; but here again it does not pretend to completeness. We should be inclined to describe it as an amiable and rather rambling chat on different periods of English architecture, reinforced by wide observation and by an architect's technical knowledge of his subject. It does not seem likely to be of great illumination to English readers, but to the foreign visitor it may serve as a handy elementary introduction.

Mr. Tallmudge is at his chattiest when he writes thus: "The sentence that I wanted most to use in describing Lichfield, but I feared my publisher, is, 'It is a swell little cathedral.' To my great relief, the Oxford dictionary, with a 'colloq.' after it, says 'swell' means smart, finely dressed—and what could be smarter than Lichfield, with its chic towers and its stylish lines, or more finely dressed than this architectural aristocrat in his doublet of red sandstone embroidered and frogged with a myriad of sculptured saints and sinners, crockets and gargoyles?" In reading his book, we often wished that Mr. Tallmudge had been content to remain "colloq." when describing the chic, the smart, and the stylish aspects of architecture. Unfortunately, however, at frequent intervals he feels it his duty to blossom into flowers of speech. He would scorn to write: "During the Wars of the Roses," and writes instead: "While the ducal houses of Lancaster and York were splashing white skin with red blood in the lanes of London town." Not for him the homespun phrase when he can regale us with a sentence like this: "During that coruscating century the colleges were 'halls'; agglomerations of houses and lofts where students, static and peripatetic alike, could find lodging and communal surcease." Not for him a simple Anglo-Saxon word when a foreign one will do—and so he calls his introductory "Acknowledgment" an *Amende Honorable*, and makes his *apologium*, a word which provides a pleasing counterpart to the story of the refined person who described the Bible and the "Pilgrim's Progress" as his two *vade meca*. In these flights of fancy, we notice in Mr. Tallmudge a tendency to burst into metaphor, which, in its turn, is always liable to burst into fragments—as when he tells us that "these great open Perpendicular churches were the clarion notes in the swan-song of mediæval church-building." And we are afraid that Milton may be a little annoyed by the reference to "mute, inglorious Hampdens."

If, however, his digestion is equal to the sweets of Mr. Tallmudge's style, the reader will be conducted genially and enthusiastically through the succeeding "periods" of English architecture, from Saxon to "International." Here also he will find mention of the principal features of many famous edifices—cathedrals, castles, great houses, and (not the least interesting) London buildings of lesser note, which we have come to take for granted but which often represent "movements" and reputations. The beginner will receive useful instruction in the features of the different orders and styles. He will learn much that is interesting about the careers of individual architects, some of them now almost entirely forgotten. It is curious to reflect that the craftsman of our greatest architectural glories are anonymous. As Mr. Tallmudge reminds us, there is no "name" in English architecture until Inigo Jones. Since then there have been innumerable "names"—architects "distinguished," "fashionable," richly rewarded in influence, wealth, and honours. How many have achieved certain immortality? One only—Wren; and even Wren, though he has been canonised by posterity, suffered at the hands of his own generation. Not a few English architects, supreme in their day, have lived only to earn the execration of their successors: for, as Mr. Tallmudge records with gentle amusement, it is the fashion of the English to be very superior and contemptuous about their own buildings. Barry and Pugin strove to erect, in

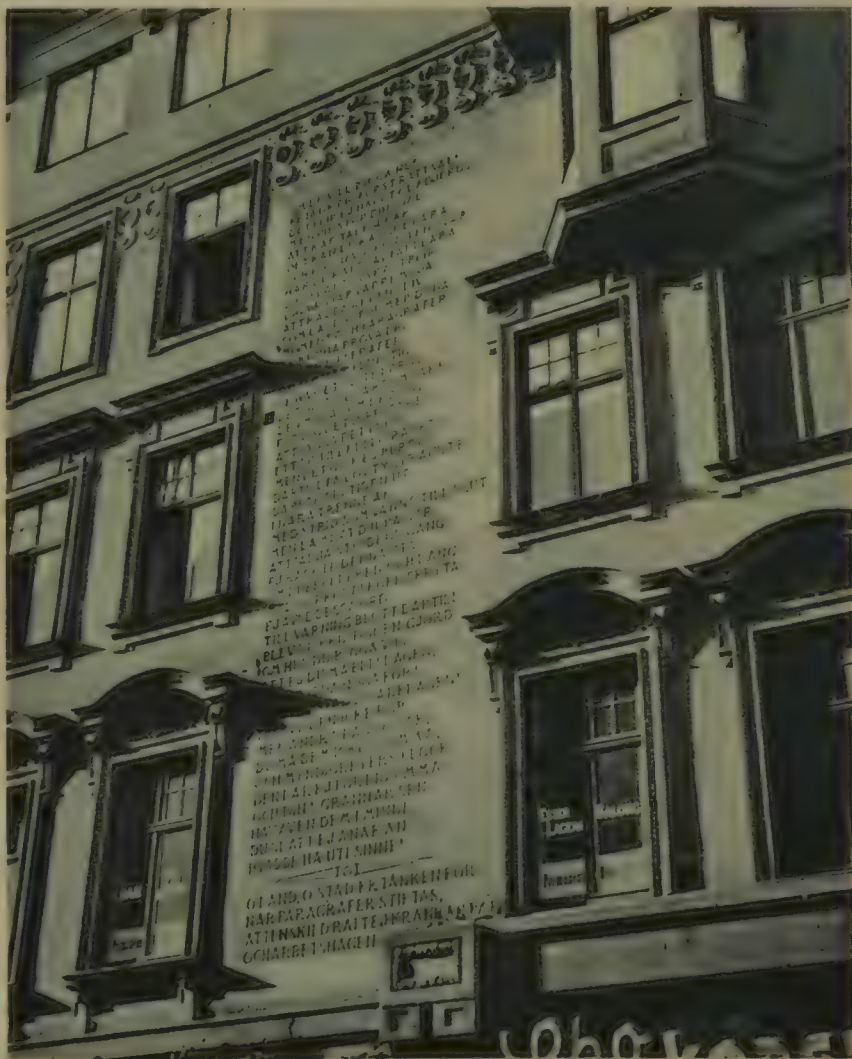
the Houses of Parliament, the greatest monument of Victorian England. What "person of taste" nowadays would dream of giving them anything but a sneer for their pains? Sir Giles Scott was a dictator in his day, and, as Mr. Tallmudge rightly reminds us, he had a greater knowledge of Gothic than any of his contemporaries. He gave us (besides much else) the Albert Memorial; and who is there among us so low-brow that he cannot wax satirical about the Albert Memorial? Butterfield was a great name, not so very long since. A few years ago an Oxford College went to considerable expense to alter, out of all recognition, a building by Butterfield—not because the building was uninhabitable or inconvenient, but because the College simply could not bear the sight of it any longer! Thus do styles and reputations rise and wane. Mr.

Mr. Tallmudge insists, must express itself in its own way, and it behoves us not to be too dogmatic, lest haply our own taste seem ridiculous to our successors.

Why does taste change so violently? We know of no answer; but nothing could be more definite than the demarcation of periods of English architectural style—they are not "eras" of that artificial kind which textbooks are fond of introducing into history and literature. Gothic, most people would admit, has remained unsurpassed in its sphere; but to Wren Gothic was "barbaric," even for ecclesiastical purposes, and for more than four hundred years nobody dreamed of building in Gothic, except, as in the case of Horace Walpole, for eccentric experiment. The inspiration had passed, and when the nineteenth century attempted to "revive" it, the result, whatever its merits or demerits, was not Gothic in any true sense of that name. It may, perhaps, be true to say that the Renaissance was bound to express itself in a form—whether better or worse than its predecessors—different from mediævalism, and that it continued to do so through all its various phases; but why do we find, in the middle of the nineteenth century, a sudden and irresistible vogue of "Greek"? As Mr. Tallmudge points out, at Hyde Park Corner one is suddenly plunged into entirely Hellenistic surroundings, and, however sophisticated they may be, England has produced some striking examples in this style.

The truth seems to be that throughout the nineteenth century English architecture was groping for some kind of artistic "constant," and, in spite of all the dogmatism of Ruskin, was uncomfortably powerless to find it. The same perplexed experimentation has continued in the post-war period. Now, it is claimed by the advance guard, we have definitely entered upon a period of "International" architecture, the key-note of which is that it is "functional." The architect is faced by entirely new problems. More and more he finds it necessary to be both artist and artificer. He may be extremely learned in the styles and orders, but he is not in great demand if he knows nothing about plumbing. Say what we will of American "standardisation," we have grossly neglected the interior comfort and convenience of our dwellings, and it is affection for us to resist modernity merely because it is modern. Our houses and buildings of the future are certain to be "functional" within reasonable limits, and the enterprising architect is eager to make them so with the aid of all kinds of new materials and devices, which he maintains are far less wasteful than the old materials and devices. One of his first steps in this process is to eliminate the irrelevant, for he rightly urges that excessive ornamentation is either distracting or else just nugatory—one simply ceases to notice it. And so, instead of the fussiness of the nineteenth century, we are to have "mass," for which, we believe, in the best circles, the proper adjective is "stark."

Mr. Tallmudge, as a modern architect, naturally has sympathy with these developments; but in some respects they leave him, as they leave many of us, vaguely uneasy. Does not all this "mass" spurn too brutally the gentler graces? Is it quite satisfied with its own "starkness"—if so, why does it yearn after strange shapes of battleships and ocean liners and Wellsian machines? Extravagances are certain to occur, for what is now happening is exactly the same process of thesis and antithesis which has gone on perpetually in architecture and in all the arts, and, indeed, in all human affairs. Our age has not yet found its characteristic style, and it will not do so without trial and error. For the way of the architect is hard; to be original he has to be bizarre, and to be "safe" he has to be eclectic. Eclecticism has run riot in America, sometimes with impressive and sometimes with absurd results. Nevertheless, America has given architecture the only great original contribution of modern times—the skyscraper. This was forced upon a startled world not so much by pure artistic imagination (though that was certainly not lacking) as by the geographical peculiarities of Manhattan Island; but it has taught the world a new beauty in a new medium, and on new scientific principles. Perhaps some such utilitarian "functional" necessity will give twentieth-century architecture its final form and its own beauty. And perhaps, on the other hand, the last word was said long ago. Even as Shakespeare and Milton established a monopoly of blank verse, did not the Greeks establish a monopoly of perfect structural form? When we think of (say) the Pastum Temple: when we think of column, entablature, and pediment as the medium of grace and proportion—we are inclined to say, as we would say of no other art, "The One remains, the many change and pass."—C. K. A.



If you would build a house,
consider it right well.
It won't bring much delight
but sorrow to your soul.
That capital is lost,
you may put up with calmly,
and building you have learnt,
is not an easy art.
So this won't make you worry.
More pain is stored for you
in saving of the spirit life
that forms of law would kill.
For clauses and statutes
they are not blessing angels,
they do not smooth your path,
they are your purgatory.
See, here's a little sample,
let it your lesson be;
it should save you from pain,

the lesson taught you here.
A year was quite enough
for building of this house,
but a long time was needed
to get permission for it.
Three years were almost past
before it granted was.
The fight was won at last,
but caused wounds severe.
To give a full account
of how the fight proceeded
this space would be too small
if twice as wide and long.
To boast the victory won,
(how ever hard it was)
these lines were not composed;
but merely for a warning
was this inscription made.
If you would build a house,

consider well and deep,
lest you should be defeated!
Forget not building laws
as given by the city,
your woe they do not care for.
Nor should you other laws
forget and violate;
for sympathy with you
bureaucracy has none.
And last, your neighbours, too,
remember them also,
you do not know as yet,
what they have in mind for you.

Oh Land, oh Town, consider
well,
when bills of law are passed,
lest private right be violated
and working spirit killed.

AN ARCHITECT'S LAMENT IN A PUBLIC INSCRIPTION ON A HOUSE FRONT IN STOCKHOLM: A COMPLAINT AGAINST THE BUREAUCRATIC REGULATIONS WHICH HAMPERED THE RECONSTRUCTION OF THE BUILDING AND PREVENTED THE DESIGNER FROM CARRYING OUT HIS IDEAS.

Twenty-one years ago, an architect named Klemming—a man of great honesty of purpose and force of character—undertook the reconstruction of the house seen in our illustration; but, unfortunately, he neglected to get his plans approved by the proper civic authority. In consequence, he had to discontinue the work and allow certain details to be altered. When his task was finished he recorded his wrath on the wall for the benefit of future architects and to the confusion of pettifoggish bureaucracy. Above is a free translation of the architect's complaint sent us by a Swedish correspondent.

Tallmudge wisely deprecates too hasty judgment in such matters. It is refreshing to find at last, in this writer, somebody who is prepared to plead extenuation for the Albert Memorial (which was never as bad as it has been represented, and certainly no worse than many other monuments in Europe), and actually to admire the Houses of Parliament (which to some, like the present writer, who are not able or prepared to argue about technical details, is a beautiful and dignified building). Each age,

* "The Story of England's Architecture." By Thomas E. Tallmudge, Fellow, American Institute of Architects, Author of "The Story of Architecture in America." Illustrated. (J. M. Dent and Sons; 12s. 6d.)



A SPECIAL ISSUE OF COMMEMORATIVE GERMAN POSTAGE STAMPS INSCRIBED "THE SAAR COMES HOME": A DESIGN REPRESENTING MOTHER GERMANY EMBRACING HER LOST DAUGHTER RETURNED.

THE SAAR "COMES HOME" TO GERMANY: CELEBRATIONS OF THE 90 PER CENT. PLEBISCITE POLL.



A STREET IN BERLIN RENAMED IN HONOUR OF THE SAAR PLEBISCITE VICTORY: A SIGNPOST SHOWING THE NEW NAME "SAARLANDERSTRASSE" LATELY SUBSTITUTED FOR "STRESEMANNSTRASSE."



THE POPULARITY OF BRITISH TROOPS OF THE INTERNATIONAL FORCE IN THE SAAR: TWO OF OUR MEN CARRIED SHOULDER-HIGH THROUGH AN EXCITED CROWD IN SAARBRÜCKEN.



THE LEADER OF THE EINHEITSFRONT HANGED IN EFFIGY AT SAARBRÜCKEN: A STRAW-STUFFED FIGURE SUSPENDED FROM A "GALLOWS" BEARING A SIGNBOARD INSCRIBED—"TO FRANCE, 4 KILOMETRES."



BEFORE THE PLEBISCITE RESULT WAS DECLARED: A DEVICE ADOPTED IN SAARBRÜCKEN WHILE SWASTIKA FLAGS AND OTHER EMBLEMS WERE FORBIDDEN—BARE FLAG-POLES TIPPED WITH BUNCHES OF PINE-LEAVES.



AFTER THE PLEBISCITE RESULT WAS DECLARED: A PROFUSION OF FLAGS (SWASTIKA AND RED-BLACK-AND-WHITE) IN SAARBRÜCKEN, SHOWING ONE POLE (IN LEFT FOREGROUND) STILL BEARING THE PINE-BUNCH PREVIOUSLY USED.



A MOCK FUNERAL OF "STATUS QUO": THE KNIFED CORPSE OF A DUMMY INFANT IN A PERAMBULATOR-HEARSE LABELLED "FAREWELL FOR EVER—HEIL HITLER!" AND ATTENDED BY "WEEPING" MOURNERS, IN SAARBRÜCKEN.

Both in the Saar itself and in Germany the declaration of the overwhelming German vote in the plebiscite was celebrated with wild rejoicings. In Saarbrücken, the capital of the territory, the day was kept as a public holiday, and the streets were thronged with excited people, exchanging Nazi salutes and congratulating each other on their return to the Fatherland. Swastika flags and signs, and red-black-and-white flags, forbidden during the plebiscite, appeared everywhere, replacing the pine-bunches on the ends of bare poles previously used. A straw-stuffed effigy representing Herr Max Braun, the Einheitsfront leader, was hanged from a high "gallows." A group of hilarious young people, feigning



A TORCHLIGHT PROCESSION ASSEMBLED BEFORE THE ILLUMINATED TOWN HALL IN SAARBRÜCKEN: THE END OF THE DAY'S FESTIVITIES AFTER THE DECLARATION OF THE PLEBISCITE POLL.

grief, followed a perambulator-hearse containing a dummy corpse of the infant "Status Quo," with a label equivalent to "Goodbye, but not au revoir!" After dark a torchlight procession paraded the streets, and assembled before the illuminated Town Hall. The day's festivities ended without any untoward incident. British soldiers were very popular, and some of them were carried shoulder-high by the crowd. A German paper paid tribute to the "splendid behaviour and correct attitude" of the troops. The German postal authorities issued memorial stamps representing Germany embracing her recovered daughter and inscribed "The Saar Comes Home." Our specimens were lent by Stanley Gibbons, Ltd.

wonders why walls two and a half feet thick should enclose a room but five yards long; yet it is far from clumsy, for the use of the arch and of plaster were known (Figs. 4 and 7). The rough trimming of the stones, the alignment of walls almost exactly to the four cardinal points of the compass, the lack of any trace of roof or floor, are characteristic of each.

The houses are jumbled together, and collectively cover no considerable area. Scattered amongst the ruins are pieces of pottery; in some places, at Eik especially, bits of multi-coloured thin glass bracelets, possibly of Coptic origin, show a high technique; but beads are peculiarly rare. These finds were submitted to Mr. R. L. Hobson, of the British Museum.

A coarse pottery, common at Gorgab, he cannot place as to date, but there are, in addition, (1) a soft

AN "UNSOLVED RIDDLE" OF AFRICA: WERE THEY HOSTELRIES ON A BYGONE CARAVAN

Article and Photographs by JOHN PARKINSON, Sc.D. (Cantab.); 1931-2; Leader of British Museum (Natural History) Expedition to

by a totally different race, Miss Caton-Thompson has clearly proved that "elaborate stone walls of excellent workmanship, laid out in the Zimbabwe mode, were still being built [at Dholo-Dholo, east of Bulawayo] not earlier than the dawn of the eighteenth century." ("Zimbabwe Culture," p. 175.)

Of the older Zimbabwe itself, it is stated: "Celadon ware of the fourteenth to fifteenth



FIG. 1. THE INTERIOR WALL OF A ROOM IN THE LARGE BUILDING AT AMUD SEEN IN FIGS. 5 AND 6: A VIEW SHOWING TWO NICHEs (CHARACTERISTIC OF THESE HOUSES) FOR VESSELS OF MILK OR WATER, AND (ABOVE) THREE NARROW WINDOWS.

ONE of the many riddles in Africa as yet unexplained—"thus the late Sir Harry Johnston, speaking of Somaliland, referred to the existence of walls, remnants of ruined houses and of towns, that remain almost the sole relics of forgotten builders, who, with custom foreign to the native of to-day, constructed habitations massively of stone. For stone walls are not natural to primitive Africa. In 1854 Sir Richard Burton, during the first journey taken by a white man from the Gulf of Aden to Abyssinia, visited Abassa, the most westerly of these towns (Figs. 7 and 8), and, stating that it had been destroyed three hundred years before in intertribal war, went on his way, leaving this page of past history to the later neglect of travellers.

Overgrown by vegetation, left exposed to rain and sand-laden wind, quarries ready made to the hand of Somalis seeking easily-obtained material for their elaborate graves, the stone-walled cities of Somaliland stand in danger of total demolition. They possess differences, probably the key to the history of a country with which Abyssinia is so closely bound, but they have much in common. The architecture is simple yet surprisingly massive; one



FIG. 5. WITH TWO HUMAN FIGURES (VISIBLE ON THE LEFT) INDICATING THE COMPARATIVE SIZE OF THE WALL: A NEARER VIEW OF A PORTION OF THE RUINS AT AMUD, WHICH ARE ILLUSTRATED ALSO IN FIGS. 1, 4, AND 6 ABOVE.



FIG. 2. THE RUINS OF EIK—IN A MUCH WORSE CONDITION THAN THOSE OF THE WESTERN TOWNS, OWING TO THE QUALITY OF THE STONE AVAILABLE FOR BUILDING: A GENERAL VIEW, SHOWING ALSO PILLAR-LIKE ANT-HILLS.

ware with bluish glaze which is of Arab make and standard type, originating between the thirteenth and eighteenth centuries; and (2) fragments of Chinese pottery, a kind of "celadon" of fifteenth- or sixteenth-century date. One cannot help noticing in passing that the builders of the stone walls were working in Somaliland at the period, though not the earliest, during which the celebrated Zimbabwe area in Southern Rhodesia was populated. Indeed, although they were doubtless constructed



FIG. 6. THE RUINS OF AMUD (AN INTERIOR WALL OF WHICH IS SHOWN IN FIG. 1): A MYSTERIOUS, DESERTED CITY IN BRITISH SOMALILAND, SITUATED ON A LOW HILL AFFORDING A FINE VIEW OF THE GOVERNMENT STATION AT BURAMO.

centuries is the most plentiful import in the ruins." (*Ibid.*, p. 186.) In Somaliland amongst the commonest objects to be picked up, for the excavations yielded little of interest, are grinding-stones, flat and polished on the lower side worn by the friction of reducing grain to flour; above, rounded or curved to fit the hand. Usually the stone chosen was lava, which does not occur near any of the ruins, but other kinds of rock were used, rarely native, nearly always foreign to the locality. One glimpses a clue here to the wanderings of these emigrants: once place the rock, and you find a spot where a halt was made and perchance a settlement founded.

It seems very probable that the people came from the south-west corner of Arabia and travelled

MYSTERIOUS RUINS IN SOMALILAND. ROUTE, DISCONTINUED FROM LACK OF WATER?

Geologist to Water Supply Development Scheme in British Somaliland, East Africa, 1927-8; Author of "The Dinosaur in East Africa."

along what is now the Abyssinian-British frontier. Here it is interesting to note that the fragments of the thin glass bangles, commonly black but often multi-coloured, and some grinding-stones, are identical with others found by Mr. St. John Philby during his great journey across the Rub al Khali in Southern Arabia. The glass bangles he found were picked up on the surface of the Arabian desert at Jabrin, (Jasr un-Ramad). It was stated by the Keeper of



FIG. 3. A ROW OF KITCHEN-MIDDENS (SEEN ON THE LEFT) CONNECTED WITH THE NEIGHBOURING RUINS OF THE TOWN OF MAGELLESH HUN (OUTSIDE THE PICTURE, TO THE LEFT): A SERIES OF MOUNDS ON A SITE TWENTY-FOUR MILES WEST OF BURAMO.



FIG. 7. ANOTHER AND MORE ELABORATE TYPE OF ARCH AS USED BY THE ARCHITECTS OF THE MYSTERIOUS BUILDINGS IN BRITISH SOMALILAND: AN EXAMPLE IN THE WALL OF THE "TEMPLE" AT ABASSA, SEEN FROM INSIDE.

Antiquities at the British Museum that "their date is uncertain, probably early medieval."

Between the western towns and the southern; between Abassa, Amud (Figs. 1, 4, 5 and 6), and Gorgab, on the one hand, and Eik and Magellesh Hun on the other, there is a difference in the presence around the latter of refuse-heaps, kitchen-middens, where the sweepings of hearths and floors, ashes and bones were thrown with broken pots, glass-ware, and what not (Fig. 3). On the spot one is struck at once by the disproportion between a score or so of middens, each about twenty yards by ten and rising to six feet high in the centre, and the odd dozen or so of houses on whose outskirts they lie. This description is true of Eik, and even more true of Magellesh Hun,

villages forty miles apart, on a straight route northwards, even now of importance for traders journeying between the hinterland and the sea. Surely they indicate a great artery of commerce to the Gulf of Aden; and that these towns contained hostelries for the entertainment of caravans passing coastwards appears a feasible explanation of the kitchen-middens.

Can it not have been that when a wearied line of travellers glimpsed the shallow waters of the lake on which Eik then undoubtedly stood, magnificently prosperous, the thought of the "Brasserie des Bons Esclaves" or an equivalent, and the excellent menu shortly to be offered for inspection stimulated tired limbs and exhilarated jaded spirits? Fragments of the shells of ostrich eggs strewn the ground at Eik were not mighty omelettes included in the bill of fare? Let us think so.



FIG. 4. ILLUSTRATING THE USE OF THE ARCH IN THE ARCHITECTURE OF THE MYSTERIOUS RUINS: AN EXAMPLE (MORE POINTED THAN THAT IN FIG. 7) IN THE CHIEF BUILDING AT AMUD, SHOWING PLASTER STILL ADHERING ON THE LEFT SIDE.

and Gorgab, speak for a lengthy sojourn. To-day the obtaining of water is the great problem of British Somaliland; on this hinges the prosperity and very life of the tribes. Why did these people go, the emigrants continue their wanderings? We can guess the answer.

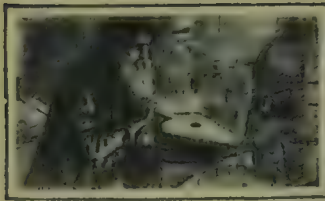
The lake at Eik shrank, the rivers at Amud and Abassa dwindled, to the all-but dry channels they are to-day, the plains once clothed in fields of maize and millet grew inexorably arid, the cattle died. The people who had come from the north moved on, the road was closed behind them; they moved on, and so remains one of the unsolved riddles of the Africa of to-day.

Impelled forward, they looked back, remembering stories of the days when a great river ran below Amud, when the flats before Gorgab were green with crops, when the stronghold of Abassa was alive with men and worshippers, and the stately caravans of slaves and women from the highlands of Abyssinia filed down to Eik, to Magellesh Hun, to the craft awaiting them in the harbour of Herbera.

All that had gone for ever.



FIG. 8. A SHRINE AT WHICH, A YEAR OR TWO AGO, THE NATIVES WERE STILL FOUND SACRIFICING IN TIMES OF DROUGHT: PART OF THE RUINED TEMPLE, OR MOSQUE, AT ABASSA, DESCRIBED BY BURTON IN HIS ACCOUNT OF HIS JOURNEY TO NARAR.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



THE PIG-BAT: THE ONLY MAMMAL WITH ADHESIVE SUCKING-DISCS.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

BY common consent, it would seem, the term "Natural History" is regarded as the "label" for the study of plants and animals, though doubtless it must also include all the phenomena of Nature. Be this as it may, those who find delight therein probably owe the sustained interest it maintains to the fact that its pursuit is constantly attended by surprises. We find, indeed, that Nature is consistent only in her inconsistencies. One cannot make a single statement about any theme whatever without hedging it about with "exceptions to the rule." But these exceptions are precious, for they form so many starting-points for new investigations. There can be no effect without a cause. What caused this or that "exception" which confronts us? All too commonly, we can find no answer to that question; and not seldom, I venture to think, this failure is due to the hampering effect of preconceived notions, which blur our clarity of thought and paralyse our reasoning power. We cannot let facts "speak for themselves"; they must be forced to fit in with

they would have been too small to be of any use whatever. But we can interpret the origin and development of these discs in a logical sequence from what we know of the peculiar habits of this bat. For it does not seek its prey in mid-air, after the manner of bats as a rule, but by climbing along the branches of trees. With the wings closed during such hunting, the ball of the thumb is in constant contact with the bark, and the same is true with the ankle-joint. The stimulus set up in the surface of the skin over this area of contact gradually formed, first, a flattened surface, which at last came to assume the disc-shaped organ seen in the photograph, their final stage transforming what was earlier merely a small, flattened plate into an adhesive sucker, giving increased efficiency. A captive specimen attached itself to the sides of a box in which it was kept by means of these suckers, though the normal position of rest, as in other bats, is by suspending the body head downwards, by the claws on the hind-feet.

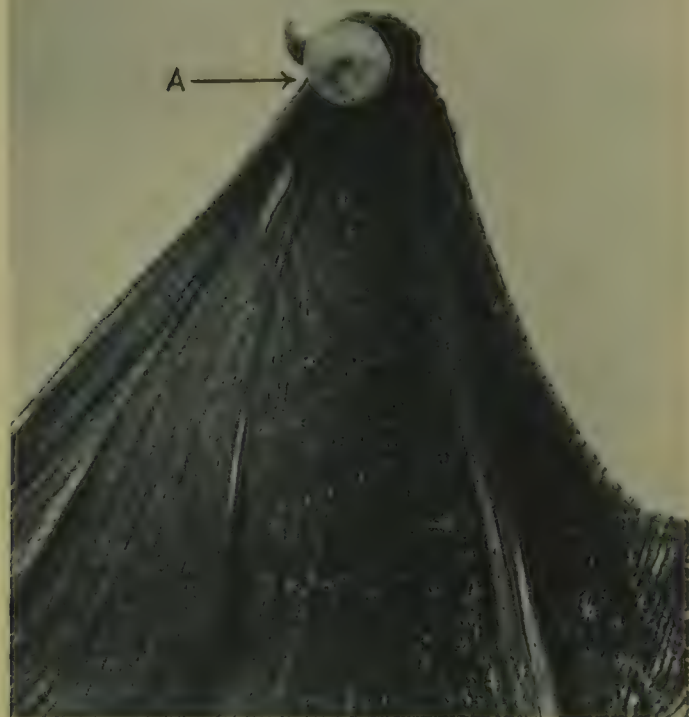
And there is another bat which displays peculiar adjustments to climbing. This is the New Zealand short-tailed bat (*Mystacina tuberculata*). Herein the claw of the thumb, unusually large and sharp, is armed with a sharp, tooth-like projection at the base of its curved under-surface, like that found in some chameleons; while the feet, which are conspicuously large, have the whole under-surface, including that of the toes, covered with a loose, deeply-wrinkled skin, reminiscent of the foot of the gecko. Adhesive discs are

found, on various parts of the body, in a considerable number of animals in no way related one to another. Those of the octopus and cuttle-fish have already been referred to. They are found on the legs of one of our common water-beetles (*Dytiscus*), and at the end of the body in the leech. Fishes of many kinds, of sluggish habits, and living in rapid streams or marine currents, have developed suckers, enabling them to hold fast to the bottom when they desire to rest. Sometimes these are formed by a thickening of the lips, and sometimes by a remarkable fusion of the pelvic fins, answering to the hind-limbs of land animals. They have coalesced to

form a cup-shaped cavity, as in our British gobies, which forms a vacuum when the body is pressed down on to the resting surface. One of the most elaborate of this kind is that of the "cling-fish" (*Sicyases*). In our lump-sucker (*Cyclopterus*), the specialisation of this sucker has proceeded so far as completely to mask its identity with the paired ventral fins from which it was formed. But the most remarkable sucking-disc of all fishes is that of the remora, or "sucking-fish"; although one authority on fishes, indeed, describes it as "nothing more" than a modification of the dorsal fin! But it is a very remarkable modification. Resembling a flat, oblong plate, running backwards from the top of the head (Fig. 2), it is apparently composed of pleats of skin. Dissection shows, however, that it is indeed a "modified dorsal fin." But that modification almost passes the wit of man to understand. For in the fashioning of this plate, each of the bony rods which make up the upstanding supports of such a fin has been split vertically, and the two halves splayed out on each side to afford supports for the leafy folds of skin just referred to! What mysterious agencies brought about this "splitting"? No greater mystery is to be found in the whole range of vertebrates, from fishes to man.

Its efficiency as a sucker is astonishing. Swimming freely in the capture of its prey, it evades the trouble of hunting by affixing itself to big sharks, whales, and porpoises, or even the bottoms of ships; and the moment a meal is in sight it relaxes its hold and darts at its victims. The hold it takes is so strong that it cannot be removed from its resting-place by force, but must be pushed forwards, so that the hold of

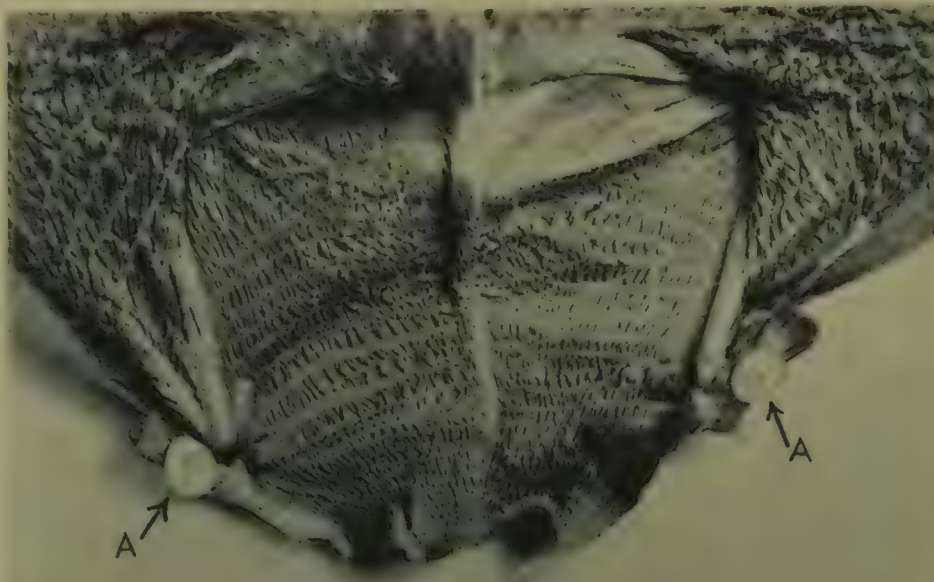
the plates is relaxed by the consequent loss of grip. The natives on the East Coast of Africa make profitable use of it to catch turtles, by tying a cord to its tail and releasing it in the neighbourhood of a sleeping turtle. The remora darts up to it and takes a hold of its under-surface. By gently drawing in the cord, the fish and the turtle are both brought to the side of the boat and promptly hauled in!



1. THE CUP-SHAPED SUCKER ON THE FORE-WING OF THE BROWN PIG-BAT (A)—THE ONLY MAMMAL TO DEVELOP AN ADHESIVE ORGAN OF THIS TYPE: A DISC FORMED BY THE ENLARGEMENT OF THE "BALL OF THE THUMB." (ENLARGED.)



2. A FISH WITH A REMARKABLE SUCKER: THE REMORA, IN WHICH THIS ORGAN IS FORMED BY PLEATS OF SKIN COVERING THE SPINES OF THE DORSAL FIN, WHICH HAVE BECOME SPLIT DOWN THE MIDDLE AND SPLAYED OUT UNDER THE PLEATS. (REDUCED.)



3. THE SUCKERS ON THE ANKLE-JOINTS OF THE BROWN PIG-BAT (A, A), USED TO ASSIST IN CLIMBING TREES: A PHOTOGRAPH IN WHICH THE TWO HIND-LEGS ARE SEEN WIDE APART WITH THE TAIL BETWEEN THEM, ENCLOSED IN THE CONTINUATION OF THE WING-MEMBRANE—VIEWED FROM BELOW.

our desire to make them harmonise with some accepted theory of evolution. If we are to progress, each such case must be tried on its merits, so to speak.

Even to-day, "Natural Selection" and "correlated variations" are held to be the all-sufficient solvents of any peculiarities of structure which seem to call for special interpretation; though some prefer to call in the aid of "genes," derived from the "chromosomes." These are the ministering angels of the Mendelians. They can explain everything! Yet there are, to my thinking, much simpler and more reasonable explanations. These "peculiarities of structure," we commonly find, are due to the effects of use and disuse. Living bodies present innumerable evidences of what I have called "reciprocity" in development. Adjacent and often unrelated organs, or parts of the body, react on one another under persistent stimuli, giving rise to new structures without a counterpart in other individuals in all other respects alike.

Let me explain my meaning by citing a case which I have just come across, of a bat with suckers on its wings and feet. This is the pig-bat (*Thyroptera tricolor*) of South and Central America. These suckers are shown in the accompanying illustrations (Figs. 1 and 3). Such strange adhesive discs are found not only in no other bat, but in no other of the great tribe of Mammalia to which it belongs.

Now, these discs, which recall the suckers of the octopus, I firmly contend, did not arise through the agency of "Natural Selection," which accorded survival of the species to those individuals with the largest discs, for in the incipient stages of their growth

found, on various parts of the body, in a considerable number of animals in no way related one to another. Those of the octopus and cuttle-fish have already been referred to.

They are found on the legs of one of our common water-beetles (*Dytiscus*), and at the end of the body in the leech.

Fishes of many kinds, of sluggish habits, and living in rapid streams or marine currents, have developed suckers, enabling them to hold fast to the bottom when they desire to rest. Sometimes these are formed by a thickening of the lips, and sometimes by a remarkable fusion of the pelvic fins, answering to the hind-limbs of land animals. They have coalesced to

BEAUTY CONSERVED AND LIT: A GIFT IN SNOWDONIA; AND ROMSEY ABBEY.



IT was announced the other day that Mr. Clough Williams-Ellis, chairman of the Council for the Preservation of Rural Wales, had offered, as "a present from Carnarvonshire to the rest of Wales and to the rest of the world," a first instalment of land as a nucleus for the first British National Park. In doing so, Mr. Clough Williams-Ellis stated that, under the threat of unregulated exploitation of the very lovely Gwynant Valley, along the shores of the lake between Capel Curig and Beddgelert, and near Snowdon, he had felt bound to buy and protect a superb tract of wild upland that he had known and loved from his childhood. The territory in question is of about 300 acres.

LLYN GWYNANT, WITH THE MOUNTAIN YR ARAN AT THE BACK: THE BEAUTIFUL VALLEY IN WHICH LIES THE PROPERTY WHICH HAS BEEN OFFERED AS THE FIRST STEP TO THE ESTABLISHMENT OF A NATIONAL PARK IN SNOWDONIA.

THE correspondent who sends this photograph notes: "The ancient and famous Abbey at Romsey, situated between Winchester and Southampton, was floodlit on January 17 for the first time. The brilliantly lit tower was a landmark for miles around." The Abbey Church is generally agreed to present the outline and aspect of a Norman conventual church more completely than any other building of equal size in England. In its present form, it dates mainly from about 1130, but the remains of the Saxon church of the Benedictine nunnery of SS. Mary and Ethelfleda (founded about 907) have actually been discovered beneath the flooring. The first abbess seems to have been St. Ethelfleda, daughter of Edward the Elder. The two great Eastern windows, which show up to such good effect in our illustration, are fourteenth-century insertions.

ANOTHER FINE OLD CHURCH FLOODLIT: ROMSEY ABBEY, BETWEEN WINCHESTER AND SOUTHAMPTON, ONE OF THE BEST EXAMPLES OF NORMAN ARCHITECTURE IN ENGLAND.



FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: NEWS ITEMS OF TOPICAL INTEREST.



AN OFFICIAL MEDAL COMMEMORATING THE KING'S SILVER JUBILEE: (LEFT) THE OBTVERSE; (RIGHT) THE REVERSE—PART OF WINDSOR CASTLE. (ACTUAL SIZE.)

The Silver Jubilee medal will be issued by the Royal Mint in two sizes. The larger one (here illustrated), 2½ in. in diameter, will be sold, in a leather case, for one guinea; the smaller one, 1½ in., at 2s. 6d. including card-case, or 2s. 9d. post free. Both are of fine silver. The medals will also be issued in fine gold to special order. Applications should not be addressed to the Mint, but to the official agents, Messrs. Spink and Son, Medallists to H.M. the King, 5-7, King Street, St. James's, London, S.W.1, or to Messrs. A. H. Baldwin and Sons, Ltd., 3, Robert Street, W.C.2. The designs are by Mr. Percy Metcalfe.



THE EARL ST. VINCENT BICENTENARY: AN ITEM IN THE MEMORIAL EXHIBITION—THE CENTRE OF A PRESENTATION FLAG, WITH HIS COAT-OF-ARMS.

January 20 was the bicentenary of the birth (at Meaford Hall, near Stone, Staffs) of Admiral Sir John Jervis, created Earl St. Vincent for his great victory over the Spanish Fleet on February 14, 1797. The occasion was celebrated by a commemorative exhibition held at Stone and in Meaford Hall. We illustrate a relic lent by the Fishmongers' Company, to which it was given in 1805. The inscription at the foot begins: "This is the centre portion of the flag presented to Earl St. Vincent by the officers and crew of H.M.S. 'Ville de Paris.'"



CHOSEN INDEPENDENTLY BY HIS MAJESTY AND BY SIR GILES SCOTT: MR. C. BERESFORD MARSHALL'S ACCEPTED DESIGN FOR "THE KING'S HOUSE," WHICH IS TO REPRESENT ALL THAT IS BEST IN BRITISH ARCHITECTURE, TO BE BUILT BY THE ROYAL WARRANT HOLDERS' ASSOCIATION TO COMMEMORATE HIS MAJESTY'S SILVER JUBILEE.

To commemorate the King's Silver Jubilee, the Royal Warrant Holders' Association proposed to build and equip, for the accommodation of anyone named by his Majesty, a small house representative in every detail of all that is best in modern British architecture, building, and furnishing. Upon the King's approval of the suggestion, Sir Giles Gilbert Scott, President of the Royal Institute of British Architects, was invited to nominate a number of architects to submit designs. From these Sir Giles

selected three, which were taken to Sandringham for inspection by the King and Queen. It is understood that his Majesty avoided reading Sir Giles's report until he had made his own selection, which, however, coincided with the recommendation of Sir Giles. The chosen design is that submitted by Mr. C. Beresford Marshall, of Messrs. Marshall and Tweedy, F.F.R.I.B.A., Architects. The house is to be built at Burhill, Surrey, on a site given by Lord Iveagh.



THE MAORIS WELCOME TO THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER AT ROTORUA, NEW ZEALAND: POI DANCERS RENDERING THE FAMOUS "COMING OF THE ARAWA CANOE."

The Maoris gave a tremendous welcome to the Duke of Gloucester at Rotorua, in the North Island of New Zealand, on December 22. In brilliant sunshine, the war-painted warriors and women wearing ceremonial costume voiced their message of affection and imperishable loyalty to the descendant of Queen Victoria. *Hakas*, *peru peru*, and *poi* dances were performed by selected teams.



WELCOMING THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER AT ROTORUA: SINGERS; AND STANDARD-BEARERS WITH THE ENSIGN PRESENTED TO THE ARAWAS BY QUEEN VICTORIA.

As a memento, the Duke accepted a beautifully fashioned ancient adze. In his reply to their address, the Duke said that he had brought from the Royal Family and people of Great Britain a renewal of the promise that, whatever the future, the Empire would remain their shield and guardian. The Duke of Gloucester's subsequent visit to Auckland is illustrated on the opposite page.

A ROYAL CHRISTMAS: H.R.H. THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER IN NEW ZEALAND.



THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER'S NEW ZEALAND CHRISTMAS: HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS WITH HIS BOARD FOR SURF-BATHING AT PIHA, NEAR AUCKLAND, WHERE HE INJURED HIS LEFT FOOT BY CUTTING IT ON A SHELL.



THE DUKE ATTENDS DIVINE SERVICE AT AUCKLAND CATHEDRAL ON CHRISTMAS MORNING: HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS, WITH LORD AND LADY BLEDISLOE, WALKING BEHIND THE CLERGY.

The Duke of Gloucester arrived in Auckland on Christmas Eve from Rotorua. The largest gathering in the history of Auckland awaited his arrival. In many places the onlookers were five or six deep on either side of the royal procession; and it is estimated that some 50,000 persons watched the Duke drive to Government House. H.R.H. spent Christmas Day informally. After attending Divine service in Auckland Cathedral, with the Governor-General, he drove to a west coast bathing resort, and spent some time among the surf-bathers. He took luncheon in the open



AFTER HE HAD INJURED HIS LEFT FOOT WHILE BATHING: THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER RECEIVING GUESTS AT THE GOVERNMENT HOUSE GARDEN PARTY; LORD BLEDISLOE STANDING NEXT HIM.

air, and joined in a picnic tea. While bathing, the Duke injured his left foot. Acting on medical advice, he avoided wearing a shoe, and, although he fulfilled most of his public engagements, he rested the foot as much as possible, and at subsequent appearances in Auckland he remained seated. He dined privately at Government House on Christmas Day, and remained up to hear the King's message broadcast to the Empire from Sandringham. He made a brief appearance at the Government House garden party, receiving the guests while seated in an armchair on the lawn.



A PLAGUE OF GREEN PARROTS.

THE BIRDS MASSING AT A SOUTH AUSTRALIAN SHEEP STATION—SO THICKLY AS TO GIVE THE COUNTRYSIDE A VERDANT APPEARANCE.

Reports from South Australia, published in December, described how millions of green parrots were moving eastward from the Western Australian border, so thickly massed as to give the countryside a verdant appearance. At that time the parrots were concentrated chiefly on one sheep station sixty-two miles east of Eucla (on the border of Western and South Australia) and were polluting the homestead and stock water. Men were then working day and night endeavouring to keep the birds from dams and water-holes. The damage then done by the pest was chiefly to water, but it was feared that if the parrots approached the farming areas they would destroy fruit and crops. The noise of the birds alighting on a roof was described as being like "heavy rain."

AT HOME AND ABROAD: PICTORIAL NOTES ON RECENT HAPPENINGS.



WRECKAGE OF THE AEROPLANE THAT NOSE-DIVED INTO A PLATOON AND KILLED FIFTEEN INDIAN SOLDIERS: A DISASTER ON THE BORDER OF BALUCHISTAN.

In a message of January 8, from Karachi, it was stated that an aeroplane of No. 1 Squadron of the Indian Air Force, piloted by Flying Officer H. C. Sircar, crashed into a platoon of the 4th Battalion 10th Baluch Regiment, on the march near the Hubb River, on the Baluchistan border. The troops were practising repelling aircraft by rifle fire, and the aeroplane made a nose-dive to simulate a machine-gun attack, but failed to recover. The casualties were 15 killed and 11 injured.



AFTER THE FIRST FATAL AUTOGYRO CRASH IN ENGLAND: THE R.A.F. MACHINE WHICH FELL NEAR SALISBURY DURING A SOLO FLIGHT.

Flying-Officer L. W. Oliver, stationed at Old Sarum, was killed on January 21, when an autogyro which he was flying solo crashed at Stratford-sub-Castle. This was the first fatal autogyro accident in Britain, though such accidents have occurred in France. The pilot was undergoing a course in the use of the autogyro. Flying at a height of 2000 ft., his machine appeared to dive at high speed.



THE EXODUS OF THE ANTI-NAZI ELEMENT FROM THE SAAR SINCE THE PLEBISCITE: REFUGEES ARRIVING AT FORBACH, NEAR THE FRENCH FRONTIER.

Since the result of the Saar plebiscite was declared, in favour of Germany, there has been a large exodus of refugees from the anti-Nazi element in the population. It was reported on January 22 that, with a view to limiting this movement, the management of the Saar mines had placarded Baron von Neurath's declaration of December 3, that the German Reich would guarantee the life and property of all persons in the Saar territory. At the same time, it was



A TYPICAL INCIDENT ON THE FRENCH FRONTIER NEAR FORBACH: CUSTOMS OFFICERS EXAMINING A LORRY-LOAD OF GOODS BELONGING TO REFUGEES FROM THE SAAR.

estimated that, up to January 21, the French Consulate at Saarbrücken had issued about 8000 visas for refugees, and that nearly 1000 more people had made their way to the French frontier without visas. Many of them had been granted the necessary passports at Forbach. According to report, however, the refugee movement had begun to slow down. The German Front in the Saar, it was said, were doing everything possible to prevent intimidation.



A VOLCANIC VENT NEAR NAPLES, QUIESCENT SINCE THE TWELFTH CENTURY, RENEWS ACTIVITY: TAKING SOUNDINGS AT A NEW OUTLET OF THE SOLFATARA AT POZZUOLI.

The Solfatara, a volcanic vent near Pozzuoli, inactive since 1198, recently blew out a new cavity, throwing up stones and boiling mud. This eruptive mouth was measured by Professor Rizzo, of Naples University, and found to be 10 ft. in diameter and 23 ft. deep. The temperature was about 400 degrees F., much higher than any recorded for a century. Some years ago, the Solfatara engulfed an engineer and two assistants, with plant for using the vapours as power.



ALL-METAL DELISHA BEACONS: MANUFACTURING STEEL GLOBES, IN BIRMINGHAM, TO REPLACE THE GLASS ONES, NOW SO FREQUENTLY BROKEN.

Belisha beacons, besides providing an unfailing topic for the music halls, have proved somewhat costly. The original orange globes, being made of glass, were fragile. Not only were they the first things to suffer when the beacon was involved in a traffic mishap, but they proved almost irresistible to a certain type of hooligan. The transverse bars appearing on the globes seen here, it should be noted, are merely reflections from the furnace walls.

THE ROME SCHOLARSHIPS FOR 1935: WORKS SHOWN BY THE THREE WINNERS.



MURAL PAINTING: MR. GEORGE W. HOOPER'S "A BISHOP BLESSING COLUMBUS"; PART OF A SCHEME FOR THE DECORATION OF AN ANTE-ROOM TO THE MEETING ROOM OF A GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.



SCULPTURE: MR. GEOFFREY H. DEELEY'S "FOUR WINDS"; REPRESENTING "THE CONQUEST OF THE AIR BY MAN," THE SUBJECT WITH WHICH ALL THE COMPETITORS HAD TO DEAL.

The exhibition of works submitted in the competitions for the Rome Scholarships of 1935 in mural painting, sculpture, and engraving is now being held in the Imperial Gallery of Art, Imperial Institute, South Kensington, and will continue until February 9. Mr. George W. Hooper, who has been awarded the Scholarship in Painting, was born in India, and is twenty-four. In 1933 he won the Royal Academy Gold



ENGRAVING: MR. M. MACPHERSON TOD'S "SPRING," THE WORK WHICH FULFILLED THE CONDITION THAT A COMPOSITION BEARING THAT TITLE MUST BE AMONG THE PRINTS SUBMITTED.



THE WINNERS OF THE ROME SCHOLARSHIPS FOR 1935; TENABLE AT THE BRITISH SCHOOL AT ROME: MR. GEOFFREY H. DEELEY (SCULPTURE); MR. M. MACPHERSON TOD (ENGRAVING); AND MR. GEORGE W. HOOPER (PAINTING).—LEFT TO RIGHT.

Medal, the Travelling Studentship, and the Landseer Medal for the decoration of a public building. Mr. Geoffrey H. Deeley (Sculpture) was born at Dudley, Worcestershire, and is twenty-three. Since 1931, he has been at the Royal College of Art, where he gained the Travelling Scholarship in Sculpture and the Diploma. Mr. M. Macpherson Tod (Engraving) was born at Glasgow and is twenty-six.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



THE DRAWN RUGBY MATCH BETWEEN ENGLAND AND WALES: THE ENGLISH TEAM.

In this group are: (l. to r., back row) L. A. Booth, J. Heaton, E. S. Nicholson, A. Clarke, A. G. Cridlan, D. T. Kemp, F. W. Haslett (Referee, Ireland); and (seated) P. Cranmer, W. H. Weston, J. Dicks, D. A. Kendrew (captain), R. J. Longland, H. Boughton, R. Leyland; and (on ground) P. Candier, and J. L. Giles.

THE DRAWN RUGBY MATCH BETWEEN ENGLAND AND WALES: THE WELSH TEAM.

In this group are: (l. to r., back row) D. Thomas, J. Lang, W. Wooller, A. M. Rees, E. Truman, T. Day; (seated) E. Jones, P. T. V. Cowey, W. C. Powell, Claude Davey (captain), A. Skym, V. G. J. Jenkins, A. Bassett; and (on ground) S. C. Murphy, and C. W. Jones.

A fine penalty goal kicked by Boughton ten minutes from the end enabled England to draw with Wales on January 19. There was a record crowd at Twickenham for this, the season's first international match. Wooller scored an unconverted try for Wales, just after half-time.



MR. N. P. BIRLEY.

Appointed Headmaster of Merchant Taylors' School, in succession to Mr. Spencer Leeson, appointed Headmaster of Winchester. At present Headmaster of King's School, Canterbury. A master at Gresham's School, Holt, 1919-22; and Marlborough College, 1922-27. Is forty-three.



THE "BODY-LINE" QUESTION IN THE NOTTS COUNTY CRICKET CLUB: THE MEETING AT WHICH A VOTE OF NO CONFIDENCE IN THE COMMITTEE WAS PASSED.

Members of the Notts County Cricket Club assembled at a special meeting on January 16 to hear the report of the committee on the reasons for the withdrawal of Voce from the Notts v. Australia match in August last, and for the subsequent apology to the Australian team for Voce's bowling. "Body-line" bowling is, of course, the question involved. A vote of no confidence in the committee was passed, and they subsequently resigned. Alderman E. Huntsman (here seen speaking), the first Lord Mayor of Nottingham, presided at the meeting.



DR. F. A. DIXEY.

Leading English entomologist. Died January 16; aged seventy-nine. Demonstrator of Physiology, University College, London, 1880-83. Wills Medical Fellow of Wadham, Oxford, 1885; and subsequently Bursar and Sub-Warden of that College. President, Entomological Society, 1909-10.



GENERAL SIR ARTHUR MAXWELL.

Managing partner, Glyn Mills and Co. Died January 20; aged fifty-nine. In the Post Office Rifles at the outbreak of war, he became Colonel, 1915; received the D.S.O. at Vimy in 1916; and became Brigadier of the 174th Brigade, 1918. President of the Institute of Bankers, 1931 and 1932.



SIR WILLIAM SLINGO.

Leading telephone and wireless engineer. Died January 19; aged seventy-nine. Formerly Engineer-in-Chief of the Post Office. Did notable work abroad in the laying of the Havana-Key West cable, and administration of Peruvian posts, telegraphs, and wireless services.



GEN. GAMELIN; WHO SUCCEEDS GEN. WEYGAND AS FRENCH ARMY CHIEF.

General Gamelin, Chief of the French General Staff, is the successor to General Weygand, Commander-in-Chief of the French Army, who has reached the retiring age. General Gamelin retains his post as Chief of the General Staff, which he has held since 1931, and thus will be able both to propose plans to the War Minister and see them executed in accordance with his own ideas.



A ROYAL VISIT TO THE CIRCUS: THE LITTLE PRINCESSES ELIZABETH AND MARGARET ROSE WITH THEIR PRESENTATION BOUQUETS; ACCOMPANIED BY THEIR PARENTS.

The Duke and Duchess of York, accompanied by Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose, were present at the gala circus matinee performance held at Olympia on January 21, given in aid of the South London Hospital for Women. Viscountess Tiverton received their Royal Highnesses. David Gibbs and Barry Maxwell presented the Princesses with Victorian posies of flowers, and Andrew Bertie presented them with brooches from trays carried by Miss Veronica Pearson and the Hon. Ariel Baird.



SENTENCED TO TEN YEARS' IMPRISONMENT: ZINOVIEFF, THE FORMER SOVIET LEADER.

Zinovieff was among those sentenced to ten years' imprisonment on January 17, on charges of complicity in an anti-Stalinist plot, though no direct connection with the murder of Kiroff could be proved. Zinovieff played a leading part in the Revolution in 1917; was the author of the famous letter which so influenced our 1924 election; and has been twice expelled from the Communist Party.

THE OLDEST LIVING ORGANISM ON EARTH? THE CYPRESS "EL TULE."



THE TRUNK AND LOWER BRANCHES OF "EL TULE," 175 FEET IN CIRCUMFERENCE AND ANYTHING FROM 5000 TO 10,000 YEARS OLD: AN OBJECT OF AGE-LONG DEVOTION TO THE INDIANS OF MEXICO.



CHRISTIANITY LINKED WITH TREE WORSHIP; "EL TULE," CALLED "AN ARM OF GOD," AND A ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH ERECTED IN ITS SHADOW. (INSET ABOVE) INDIANS WHO LIVE BESIDE IT.



THE CANOPY OF "EL TULE," BENEATH WHICH, IT IS SAID, CORTES CAMPED ON HIS GREAT MARCH FROM MEXICO CITY TO HONDURAS: A TREE WHOSE WOOD ALONE WEIGHS 604 TONS.

This gigantic cypress (*taxodium mucronatum*) stands in the picturesque churchyard of the village called Santa Maria del Tule, in the state of Oaxaca, Mexico. Measuring 175 feet in circumference and from 5000 to 10,000 years old, it has perhaps the largest volume of any tree in the world and is generally accepted as the oldest living organism on the face of the earth. "El Arbole del Tule," as the natives call it, still commands devotion from thousands of Indians who come from afar to take part in the great fiestas held there each Easter and Christmas. The origin of tree worship among the Indian tribes of Oaxaca is

remote. It derives from their belief in the motherhood of the earth and the fatherhood of the sun as fructifying the earth and causing it to bear trees, which are thus regarded as the direct offspring of the gods. The Conquistadores tried to stamp out heathenism with violence; but the Catholic Church, when its missionaries followed in the footsteps of Cortez, was less rash. "El Tule" was seized on as an aid to missionary work, and declared the property of the Church and an arm of God. A church was built in its shadow, and soon the Indians accepted the idea of linking their worship with Christianity.



TACTICAL CO-OPERATION IN THE TRANSJORDAN CAMEL CORPS: A DETACHMENT CARRYING OUT "A RETIREMENT BY ALTERNATE SECTIONS"; THE SECTION IN THE DISTANCE MOVING TO THE REAR, WHILE THAT NEARER THE CAMERA GIVES COVERING FIRE, THEIR CAMELS KEEPING THEIR HEADS LOW TO GIVE THEIR RIDERS A CLEAR FIELD OF FIRE.



TROOPERS FIRING FROM THE PRONE POSITION, WITH THEIR CAMELS LYING DOWN; ONE OF THE TACTICAL MANOEUVRES CARRIED OUT BEFORE THE AMIR ABDULLAH: THE CAMELS SEEN (EACH WITH HALTER LASHED TO THE POMMEL OF THE SADDLE) IN A POSITION IN WHICH THEY WILL REMAIN MOTIONLESS FOR AN INDEFINITE PERIOD.



A TYPICAL OUTPOST MANNED BY THE ARAB LEGION IN THE TRANSJORDAN: VIEWED FROM AN ADJACENT HILL: A SQUARE WORK, WHICH, WITH ITS PALM TREES, SURROUNDING BEDOUIN TENTS, AND GRIM BACKGROUND, MIGHT BE THE SCHOOLBOY'S IDEA OF WHAT A "DESERT FORT" SHOULD BE LIKE!

CAMELS AND DESERT POLICE ACTING AS ONE MAN: "TRICK-RIDING," BUT PRACTICAL TACTICS BY THE ARAB LEGION.



A DETACHMENT OF THE CAMEL CORPS OF THE TRANSJORDAN DURING THE ANNUAL REVIEW BY THE AMIR ABDULLAH: A METHOD WHICH IS DESIGNED TO BE EMPLOYED IN OPEN COUNTRY WITHOUT COVER—SO THAT THE CAMELS MAY

ARAB LEGION DISMOUNTING, WITH CAMELS LYING DOWN, A METHOD WHICH IS DESIGNED TO BE EMPLOYED IN OPEN COUNTRY WITHOUT COVER—SO THAT THE CAMELS MAY



A DETACHMENT OF THE CAMEL CORPS CHARGING AT FULL SPEED (ABOUT 25 M.P.H.), WHICH, ON ACCOUNT OF THE CAMEL'S AWKWARD GAIT, CANNOT BE ATTAINED UNTIL ABOUT TWO HUNDRED YARDS HAS BEEN COVERED—THOUGH A TROTTERING CAMEL MAY COVER AS MUCH AS TWENTY MILES IN AN HOUR.

TRANSJORDAN, which roughly corresponds to the old Selukh Kingdom of Kerak and of the Lordship of Montreal or Oultrejordan in the Latin Kingdom of Jerusalem, is governed by a local Arab Administration, under his Highness the Amir Abdullah Ibn Hussein, K.C.M.G., G.B.E., who was of great service to the Allies during the war. The territory is covered by the Palestine Mandate; and the High Commissioner for Palestine is also High Commissioner for Transjordan. Transjordan thus constitutes a sort of buffer State between Palestine and the Arab State of Nejd, with its fanatical and warlike Wahhabi tribesmen. Concurrently with the formation of the separate administration in Transjordan, the Arab Legion was embodied, under its present commandant, El Fatah F. G. Pasha, C.B.E. Pasha Pasha played a very prominent part in the operations against the Turks in this country during the Great War, and frequent reference is made to him in Colonel Lawrence's "The Revolt in the Desert"; particularly in connection with those demolitions carried out on the Hejaz railway which proved so harassing to the Turks. The Arab Legion, or Desert Police, is divided into two separate forces—an urban

police force and a rural gendarmes. The former comprises mounted and foot police; and the latter camel-men and light armed cars. These forces are responsible for maintaining internal order in some 8000 square miles of country. Their duties include the suppression of inter-tribal raiding, illegal immigration, and traffic in contraband. For these purposes, desert forts have been manned at different points in close proximity to the frontier and on the caravan routes. The personnel of the Arab Legion is made up of Arab officers and other ranks under the control of a British commandant and a few other British officers. The display seen in our photographs consisted of the regular skirmishing movements which every Camel Corps trooper of the Desert Police is taught as normal routine, trooper and camel having to learn to act in perfect understanding, as one man. That described as "retiring by alternate numbers, dismounting and firing," is particularly remarkable, being worthy of a circus performance. After dismounting and discharging their rifles, the troopers double after their retiring mounts; then each man catches his camel's tail in his hand and, placing the left foot behind the camel's hind knee-joint, is "catapulted" into the saddle by the backward action of the camel's leg!



RETIRING BY ALTERNATE NUMBERS, DISMOUNTING AND FIRING: A REMARKABLE "CIRCUS" MANOEUVRE DURING WHICH EACH TROOPER REMOUNTS BY CATCHING HIS CAMEL'S TAIL IN ONE HAND AND PLACING HIS FOOT BEHIND THE BEAST'S HIND KNEE-JOINT; SO BEING "CATAPULTED" BACK INTO HIS SADDLE.



A DETACHMENT OF THE ARAB CAMEL CORPS DISMOUNTED, WITH CAMELS KNEELING, A MANOEUVRE EMPLOYED IN DESERT WARFARE WHEN THE CAMELS CAN BE LEFT BEHIND LOW COVER; THE CAMELS, WHICH ARE TRAINED TO REMAIN MOTIONLESS WHEN LEFT UNATTENDED BY THEIR RIDERS, APPARENTLY UNDISTURBED BY THE SOUND OF FIRING.



THE TROOP-LEADER CONTROLLING HIS TROOP BY BLASTS ON A WHISTLE, WITHOUT EMPLOYING VERBAL ORDERS: A TYPICAL "JUNDI," OR CAMEL-MAN, SUCH AS ARE RECRUITED FROM THE LOCAL TRIBES AND HAVE BEEN FOUND TO BE GOOD FIGHTING-MEN, INURED TO THE EXTREMES OF CLIMATE PREVAILING IN THE COUNTRY.

The World of the Kinema.

By MICHAEL ORME.

"MASKERADE."

"MASKERADE," the new picture produced by Herr Willy Forst (of "Unfinished Symphony" fame) at the Tobis-Sascha Studios in Vienna, comes to London with glowing Continental credentials. It is now in its sixteenth week at the Studio Etoile in Paris, and its pre-release in Berlin last August has overlapped its general release date, so that it is now showing in some forty-odd kinemas in the German capital. London, it may be argued, has not always endorsed Continental opinion, but in the case of "Maskerade" I am inclined to think it will, despite the barrier of language—the film is, of course, being shown with the usual superimposed English titles—and the subtle differences of national outlook. For this romantic comedy-drama is a thoroughly popular piece of work, combining wit and melody with a good story, and no one can tell a good story better than Herr Willy Forst. We are told that an authentic scandal which fluttered the social doves of Vienna at the beginning of the century forms the basis of Herr Walter Reisch's excellent scenario. Authentic or not, the incident, a flighty bubble dancing on the hectic atmosphere of Carnival time in pre-war Vienna, provides a series of scintillating situations, especially when it bursts.

And burst it does, when the daring sketch of an adventurous young married woman finds its way by accident into a weekly paper, the more so since the miff she carries—and she carries little else—is identified as one belonging to her sister-in-law, the fiancée of a famous conductor. The scandal—discreetly handled, by the way—demands explanation. The artist, a lady-killer by reputation even more than in fact, supplies a name, any name, and behold, the name is traced in the directory. So little Leopoldine Dur, the modest companion of a delightful old aristocrat, is dragged unwittingly into the affair, to

youth; the Opera House, with Caruso's voice floating through the auditorium and drama rampant in its corridors. But the director's shrewd observation of men and women, his ability to invest each character with individual interest, never allow the pictorial to overwhelm the dramatic values of the story. These people live and are real, in a world of melody and romance. The acting is so uniformly



THE VIENNESE FILM, "MASKERADE," AT THE ACADEMY: CARUSO SINGING IN "RIGOLETTO" AT THE VIENNA OPERA HOUSE—A SCENE IN WHICH THE GREAT TENOR'S OWN VOICE IS HEARD; THANKS TO THE GRAMOPHONE.

"Maskerade" is based on a Viennese scandal of 1905. The moment here depicted is from the scene showing "Rigoletto" as produced in the Vienna Opera House. Caruso's own voice is heard. Apparently it is that of the "Caruso" seen; in reality it comes from a sound-track on the film made from a gramophone record of Caruso's voice, the screen actor merely miming. In the box are Gerda (Hilda von Stoltz) and Anita (Olga Tschschowa). Paula Wessely is the star, and as Leopoldine Dur.

good that I must content myself with congratulating Fräulein Paula Wessely, a well-known Viennese stage artist, on her screen début. Her portrayal of Leopoldine Dur is full of quiet humour, refreshing in its unaffected sentiment and poise. Here is a film-star of rare integrity. Herr Walter Reisch is writing a new story for her, entitled "Episode," which is to be made, again under the direction of Herr Willy Forst, at the Tobis-Sascha Studios, in two versions, Austrian and English. Fräulein Wessely's second appearance on the screen will be eagerly and confidently awaited.

"STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL."

Like Herr Willy Forst, Mr. Frank Capra was responsible for a picture that ranks high in every list of last year's best productions. His picture, "It Happened One Night," was so full of comedy and human interest, so clever in its dramatic twists, that its successor had to be something very good indeed to come up to his own standards. Mr. Capra has not failed us. The new Columbia film, "Strictly Confidential," at the Tivoli, belongs to a different category altogether from that of its predecessor, but it is another striking example of what can be made of a story, in many of its essentials conventional and even melodramatic, by brilliant direction. That this tale of a charming adventurer and a gallant racehorse works up to a pitch of excitement from which the most hardened filmgoer will find it difficult to escape unmoved is only one of Mr. Capra's achievements. A hero who turns his back on security and family life to stake

his whole future on the success of his horse in an important racing event is no new figure on the screen. Nor are we surprised to find all manner of obstacles raised in his path, or the devotion of a girl—in this case his young sister-in-law—spurring him on to victory. Mr. Capra, however, moulds all these not unfamiliar ingredients into something so fresh, invigorating, and entertaining that we

are absorbed right into the traffic of the racing world, perturbed and joyful over the ding-dong luck of the sporting Dan, as solicitous as he is for the welfare of a great-hearted horse who wins his race against overwhelming odds and is killed in the effort. High-speed sidelights on the gambling racket, and the gay, quick-witted struggle for existence of the impecunious sportsman, loyally supported by his equally penniless allies, illuminate without interrupting this difficult wooing of the fickle jade Fortune. It is good to see two artists of the calibre of Mr. Warner Baxter and Miss Myrna Loy handling their respective parts with finesse and a sure sense of the screen, good to see an excellent company responding to Mr. Capra's fine direction, and, best of all, to be swept away by the thrill of convincing, amusing, and intelligent melodrama.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE CARTOON.

Mr. Walt Disney's undisputed supremacy as a screen cartoonist has lasted so long that the possibilities of striking a new note in animated drawings have been overlooked by the film-going public. He has had, and has, his rivals, but they have, in the main, stuck to the humorous lines laid down by Mr. Disney, and lack his inventive genius. Fräulein Lotte Reiniger's "silhouette" pictures certainly break right away from the Disney formula, and their filigree delicacy, their black and white precision, have a distinctive charm that owes nothing to imitation. One feels, however, in these cut-out drawings, a lack of freedom and of fluency, a restriction of the cartoon to the formality of a pretty pattern. Messrs. Hector Hoppin and Anthony Gross, on the other hand, have composed and executed an animated drawing that is a definite contribution to the development of this form of screen entertainment. Their "Joie de



"REMOUS," AT THE CURZON: JEANNE BOITEL AND JEAN GALLAND AS THE MODERN YOUNG COUPLE WHOSE FATE IS A TRAGIC DRAMA.

"Remous" is the story of a modern young couple and of the tragedy which enters their lives when the husband is injured in a motor-car accident. Although the story is simple, the director, Edmond Greville, has introduced an interesting and novel technique by which the dialogue is reduced to an essential minimum. Jeanne Boitel and Jean Galland are newcomers to the screen.

"Vivre," first introduced to London by the Film Society, to whom progressive kinematic art is constantly indebted, was brought to the general public by the directors of the Curzon Cinema. Its quality and its originality made themselves instantly felt. Here is no rivalry of the unique Disney, but an attempt, and a successful one, to break fresh ground. Described by the artists as "showing the adventures of two beautiful girls in a ballet of Factory and Countryside," it is a very individual expression of the joy of living, amazingly swift and gay. The girls, with an amiable Apache in pursuit, perform evolutions beyond the dreams of any acrobat or dancer, yet akin to both. The soaring lines of factory and telegraph poles, the trees, the flowers, the cascading river, are flung on to the canvas with the rapid impressionism of the modern painter, yet with the additional liveliness and elasticity bestowed by the camera's magic. A piece of work so stimulating and so full of fantasy is bound to have its repercussions, and the news that Mr. Gross and Mr. Hoppin are under exclusive contract to London Film Productions for the production of a series of Colour Cartoons carries with it the excitement of experiment in a field that has not yet been fully exploited.



"OVER THE RIVER"; THE HOLLYWOOD VERSION OF JOHN GALSWORTHY'S LAST NOVEL: FRANK LAWTON AS TONY CROOM; DIANA WYNYARD AS CLARE CORVEN; AND MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL AS LADY MONT.

"Over the River," though made at Hollywood, has an all-English cast (with one exception)—Colin Clive plays the part of Sir Gerald Corven, Clare Corven's brutal husband, who is able to entangle Clare and Tony Croom in divorce proceedings. The film is produced by James Whale, the young English producer of "The Invisible Man."

conquer all along the line by her charm and her simplicity. Herr Forst propels the story smoothly through alternating phases of grave and gay, finding rich pictorial treasure on the way in the turmoil of the Carnival ball at its height; the wide serenity of the old palace, where the Countess sighs over the dullness of the newspapers, with their reports of "flying ships" instead of the piquant scandals of her

ANTHROPOLOGY'S REPLY TO SIR A. FLEMING: PALESTINE MAN "100,000 YEARS OLD."

PHOTOGRAPHS, TAKEN AT THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS, ILLUSTRATING RESEARCH ON DISCOVERIES MADE DURING THE JOINT EXPEDITION OF THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF ARCHAEOLOGY IN JERUSALEM AND THE AMERICAN SCHOOL OF PREHISTORIC RESEARCH.



(ABOVE) PALESTINE ITSELF PROVIDES EVIDENCE OF MAN'S HIGH ANTIQUITY: A SKELETON, DESCRIBED BY SIR ARTHUR KEITH AS "CERTAINLY 100,000 YEARS OLD," FOUND IN A CAVE ON MT. CARMEL — SEEN IN A DETACHED SECTION OF THE ROCK WHICH CONTAINED IT.



THE DISCOVERER OF THE MT. CARMEL SKELETONS WORKING ON ONE AT THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS IN LONDON: MR. T. D. MCCOWN, UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, CHIPPING LIMESTONE FROM A WOMAN'S BONES MIXED WITH THOSE OF AN ANIMAL.



(RIGHT) SPOKESMAN FOR ANTHROPOLOGY IN REPLY TO SIR AMBROSE FLEMING: SIR ARTHUR KEITH SHOWING THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE NEW "FIND"—WITH SKULLS (L. TO R.) OF ANTHROPOID APE, NEANDERTHAL MAN (A FRAGMENT), MT. CARMEL MAN, AND MODERN MAN.



MR. MCCOWN AND AN ASSISTANT MAKING CASTS (ON A REDUCED SCALE) OF LIMESTONE BLOCKS CONTAINING HUMAN REMAINS FROM MT. CARMEL, BEFORE EXCAVATING THE SKELETONS: ANTHROPOLOGICAL RECORDING WORK.



A SERIES THAT SHOWS A PROGRESSIVE REDUCTION IN THE PROTRUSION OF THE JAW: MR. MCCOWN DEMONSTRATING DIFFERENCES IN THREE SKULLS—(L. TO R.) ANTHROPOID APE, MT. CARMEL MAN, AND MODERN MAN.



ANTHROPOLOGICAL DENTISTRY: THE DELICATE PROCESS OF GRINDING AWAY THE LIMESTONE DEPOSIT THAT ENCRUSTS THE MILK TEETH OF A CHILD BURIED ON MT. CARMEL PERHAPS A HUNDRED THOUSAND YEARS AGO.

Sir Ambrose Fleming, O.M., the eminent electrical engineer, recently cast a bombshell into the anthropological camp by disputing the arguments of Darwinian evolutionists regarding the age of man, in a lecture on "Modern Anthropology versus Biblical Statements on Human Origin." Among other things, he disputed the theory that man and the anthropoid apes have descended from a common ancestor, and contended that there were no indisputable geological data for the vast antiquity claimed for fossil human remains, suggesting further that, if prehistoric man had existed so long and had multiplied at a calculable rate, he would have filled nearly the whole world, whereas only a few dozen isolated skulls and skeletons had been discovered. The facts, he thought, were consistent with the Biblical account and a post-glacial date for the creation of mankind. Sir Ambrose Fleming's lecture was discussed by Sir Arthur Keith, the famous anthropologist, in a subsequent interview.

Sir Arthur declared that Darwin's theory of evolution was so conclusive that no biologist had been able to overthrow it, and had been confirmed by every subsequent discovery. "There is no doubt," he said, "man goes back half a million, probably a million, years. I'm afraid Sir Ambrose Fleming forgets the proof of antiquity in stone implements. These are being found in every part of the world, and show man to be many hundreds of thousands of years old. He forgets, too, the various colours of the human race—the whites, blacks, browns, yellows. These have not become so different in the last 6000 years. Then what about Fossil Man? One of the greatest discoveries of Fossil Man ever made is now being investigated here. The specimens were found in caves on Mount Carmel in Palestine, curiously enough, and we hope soon to show where they lived and how they lived. They are certainly 100,000 years old." Sir Arthur was speaking to a "Daily Telegraph" correspondent.



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

PRINTS AND DRAWINGS OF THE LAST HUNDRED YEARS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

influenced for good or ill more young men than anyone of his generation.

To one visitor at least the striking thing about this long series of minor masterpieces is the way in which Honoré Daumier stands out from his contemporaries: he is represented by three drawings, remarkable for their intellectual force and economy of line. His attitude to the world about him is often compared to that of Balzac, whose contemporary he was: the comparison is just and vivid in so far as one can place writers and artists side by side, but I venture to suggest another. The drawing selected for illustration, "The Serenade," might almost be by a more robust, more deliberately satirical Watteau, and sends the memory back to that haunting picture of "Gilles," by Watteau, in the Louvre. In technique, in general outlook, the busy political satirist of the 1830's and '40's has nothing in common with the gentle dreamer of the early eighteenth century who was so soon to die of consumption—yet there is a spiritual affinity, a sense of "the tears in things," which is common to both and equally moving.

The influence of yet another young man—Bonington—is eloquently illustrated by a series of water-colours, notably a large view of Paris by T. S. Boys. Bonington, like Watteau, died before his time. It would be intriguing to speculate what he might not have accomplished had he survived into the period under review:

even so, there is no question of his importance as an inspirer of later work. It is odd to realise how isolated in the history of art is the great Turner; several Venetian scenes from the last ten years of his life are among the finest things of the exhibition. I confess I found it difficult to take Ingres as seriously as I should after looking at the Daumier drawings—which is really an insult to a magnificent draughtsman. Presumably the trouble is that the one is coldly and exquisitely correct, while the other is so moving and passionate—a delightful and academic Bach fugue as compared with Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony. Perhaps also the Ingres examples shown are not the finest in existence; one of his more subtle portraits would have been welcome. Most of us have diverse memories of the pictures and pastels by Degas we have seen in the past ten years: some are haunted by those delicate compositions which represent ballet girls—I imagine the most popular of his works—others by his nudes; yet others see in him not merely a fine figure painter, but a sound judge of horseflesh. If he was an Englishman he would be labelled "Sporting Painter," and all sorts of unlikely people would fall over themselves to buy his comparatively rare race-horse canvases. This study of a jockey should satisfy the higher circles of both Bloomsbury and Newmarket.

Yet another—and a lesser—Frenchman is seen to great advantage in a sketch dated 1866—a rapid and really admirable little study of the building of the Thames Embankment, with Waterloo Bridge and the Shot Tower in the background. Daubigny's paintings are not much in favour nowa-

days. A drawing of this quality, apart from its topographical interest, is a welcome reminder of his authentic merit as a draughtsman: one is inclined to look at those very green paintings of his and forget how well constructed they are.



A DRAWING INCLUDED IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM EXHIBITION ON ACCOUNT OF ITS GREAT HISTORICAL INTEREST—"THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON"; MADE BY WILKIE IN 1833.

Not many people remember that John Ruskin was something more than a dictator of taste in Victorian England. Those of us who yawn at his eloquence and feel comfortably superior to his advice—*et ego peccavi*—might profitably look at the water-colour of the duck. It's not a great work of art, but it is something that not one Ruskin critic could do in quite the same way—I believe that if Durer himself could see this he would be rather pleased with it, forgetting his jealousy of other men's achievements. The drawing of the Duke of Wellington by Wilkie, dated 1833, comes just before the period chosen, but was included because it was considered of uncommon interest—and so it is. I am informed it has never been published before. It hangs near another first-class English drawing—John Sheepshanks and his housekeeper, by Mulready.

As a social commentator there is no one to equal Constantin Guys—extraordinary how that man, with a stroke or two of the pen, touched in with colour, manages to make France of the Second Empire live and breathe before our eyes! However, "The Opera Box," by Chalon, dated 1838, is a charming example of this sort of intimate reporting, while poor Richard Dadd's "The Connoisseurs" (1854) will no doubt make a special appeal to readers of this page. Dadd killed his father in 1843 and was confined in Bethlehem Hospital, but even in his madness he kept a sense of satirical humour. The "Connoisseur" has been fair game from time immemorial, and perhaps it is not without justice that his harmless—indeed, adorable—folly should, for once in a way, have been immortalised by a certified lunatic.

THE British Museum Trustees arranged last year in the large gallery of the Department of Prints and Drawings a survey of British Art which was a delightful supplement to, and in many eyes a notable rival of, the great exhibition then being held at Burlington House—indeed, it was better hung, far more intelligently arranged, and more easily grasped than that sprawling array. This season the display is limited to the achievement of most good artists from 1835 onwards, and the occasion is seized upon by the Keeper of the Department to point out certain gaps in the national collection which ought to be filled. As next to no money is available for purchases of prints or drawings, the goodwill of the public is of importance: the Museum would greatly appreciate everybody's active help, whether personally financial, or merely persuasive, which may attract to its walls one or more good drawings by the following: Puvis de Chavannes, Manet, Cézanne, Monet, Renoir, Courbet (only his self-portrait is in the collection), Gauguin, Bonnard, Vuillard, Derain. Of our own people there are missing late examples by William Callow, and, strangely enough, really adequate drawings by Thackeray, who, it is scarcely necessary to emphasise, was an accomplished and witty draughtsman as well as a novelist. It will be evident from the above list that the administration in the '70's and '80's of the last century—and, indeed, later still—was comfortably somnolent when rare things like drawings by Manet could have been picked up for a few francs.

In the present show, where drawings have not been available, it has been possible to substitute for them lithographs—there is, for example, a Renoir



NOTEWORTHY AMONG THE "DRAWINGS OF THE LAST HUNDRED YEARS"—AN EXHIBITION ARRANGED BY THE BRITISH MUSEUM: "A JOCKEY"; BY DEGAS (1834-1917).

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lithograph which is so fine that he will be a difficult man indeed who will mourn too much over the absence of the drawing: as for Cézanne, of course he ought to be represented, even if you don't give him the importance in the history of art which dozens of the most acute minds do: I suppose he has

A NEW FRANS HALS FOR AMERICA: THE LATELY FOUND SELF-PORTRAIT.



THE GREAT DUTCH MASTER NOW CONSIDERED SECOND ONLY TO REMBRANDT: "FRANS HALS"—A SELF-PORTRAIT RECENTLY DISCOVERED IN GERMANY, ACQUIRED BY AN AMERICAN COLLECTOR, AND EXHIBITED AT DETROIT.

This self-portrait of Frans Hals (1580-1666) was recently discovered in Germany by Dr. Wilhelm R. Valentiner, Director of the Detroit Art Institute, U.S.A., who determined its authenticity. The painting has since been acquired by Dr. H. Klaus, of Minneapolis, from the Silberman Galleries in New York, and has been included in a loan exhibition at the Detroit Art Institute. The work of Frans Hals has of late been prominent in the auction-room. In our issue

of January 5 we reproduced his portrait group, "Two Singing Boys," which had just come up for sale in New York. In London last December, his little portrait of Hendrik Swalmius, the Haarlem preacher (measuring 10½ in. by 8 in.), was sold at Sotheby's for £1200. The work of Frans Hals nowadays commands very high prices, and many art connoisseurs consider him second only to Rembrandt among the Dutch masters.

A RESCUE DIRECTED BY SEAPLANE.

While on a voyage from New York to Cuba, the 6600-ton passenger liner "Havana" was driven by a heavy gale on to the Matanilla Reef, about 50 miles off the coast of Florida, and was badly holed. The passengers were ordered to take to the boats, and were picked up by the American-owned vessels "El Oceano" and "Peten." A remarkable feature of the rescue work was that a seaplane came out from the Florida coast to assist in locating the lifeboats. The seaplane discovered that the lifeboats had drifted a mile from the stranded vessel in four hours. Later the remainder of the crew of the "Havana" were also transferred to other ships. One passenger and one member of the crew were reported to have lost their lives in these operations, the passenger dying of apoplexy. As our photographs show, the seas were extremely heavy at the time, and some of the boats were waterlogged. Later reports stated that assistance was with the "Havana," and that the vessel was in no immediate danger. She belonged to the New York and Cuba Mail Steamship Company.



AFTER THE STRANDING OF THE AMERICAN LINER "HAVANA," IN A GALE, OFF FLORIDA: ONE OF THE SHIP'S BOATS NEARLY WATERLOGGED, AND WITH ONLY ONE OAR LEFT, PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE AIR AFTER IT HAD DRIFTED FOR SOME THREE HOURS.



PICKING UP BOATS FROM THE "HAVANA": THE "EL OCEANO," ONE OF THE VESSELS WHICH ARRIVED TO GIVE ASSISTANCE, EFFECTING THE RESCUE OF CASTAWAYS, TO WHOM SHE WAS DIRECTED BY A SEAPLANE.



THE WRECK OF THE "HAVANA" SEEN FROM THE AIR: THE SHIP ABANDONED ON THE MATANILLA REEF, WHERE SHE WAS HOLED; AMID ENORMOUS BREAKERS WHICH RENDERED THE SITUATION OF THOSE IN OPEN BOATS EXTREMELY PERILOUS.

THE IRAQ PIPE-LINE INAUGURATED.



THE IMPERIAL AIRWAYS LINER SPECIALLY CHARTERED TO TAKE DISTINGUISHED GUESTS OUT TO MESOPOTAMIA AND FLY THEM TO THE FIVE OPENING CEREMONIES ON THE PIPE-LINE: THE "SYRINX" AT KIRKUK FOR THE IRAQI CEREMONY.



THE KING OF IRAQ, WHO FLEW TO KIRKUK AT THE HEAD OF A FLIGHT OF IRAQI ARMY AIRCRAFT TO OPEN THE PIPE-LINE: HIS MAJESTY TALKING TO SIR JOHN CADMAN (CHAIRMAN OF THE IRAQ PETROLEUM COMPANY, WHICH HAS CARRIED OUT THE VAST PROJECT) WHILE REMOVING HIS FLYING-SUIT.



AT THE OPENING OF THE IRAQI SECTION OF THE PIPE-LINE: KING GHAZI, WITH GUESTS AND OFFICIALS, INSPECTING THE PLANT AT KIRKUK PUMPING STATION, WHERE THE PIPE-LINE BEGINS.

As noted in our issue of January 19, when we gave photographs of the engineering works and of King Ghazi, the Iraq pipe-line was inaugurated on January 14. At Kirkuk King Ghazi performed the first of five opening ceremonies. Specially invited guests, including Lord Stanhope, Parliamentary Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and M. Paul Bastid (representing respectively the British and French Governments), and several directors of the Iraq Petroleum Company and allied British, French, and American oil companies, arrived in Baghdad by the Imperial Airways liner "Syrinx," which had been specially chartered to bring them from Europe and take them to Damascus, Tripoli, Haifa, and Amman for the separate inaugural ceremonies held in each country through which the pipe-line passes. In this they flew to Kirkuk; and later King Ghazi arrived in the leading aeroplane of a flight of Iraqi Army aircraft. He was received on landing by Sir John Cadman, Sir Francis Humphrys, and Iraqi officials. The King inaugurated the pipe-line by opening the air-valves in the pump-house.

NOTE the delicious curving of the coast, the yachts, the sea, the palm-trees and the fantastic pinnacles of the Casino! How much Art has added. The theatre, built by Charles Garnier, is one of the most exquisite small theatres in Europe, a perfect setting for such a masterpiece as Verdi's *Falstaff*, or, for the more modern discoveries of the Ballets Russes, which here have found a home far from the frozen North. And the South, too, has made its contribution, in the beautiful exotic gardens, wherein you may study the strangest blossoms and the most unaccustomed shapes of cactus and of aloe.



THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By H. THORNTON RUTTER.

IT is the legal duty of every owner of a motor vehicle to see that it is in proper road-worthy condition while being used on public highways. Overworn tyres, faulty brakes, wheels out of alignment, shaky steering, and unsound universal

Service Station which is equipped with all the latest testing plant for brakes, etcetera, twice a year, or oftener, if they have doubts about any part of the machine not being in quite the best working order. Then, with the certificate given after each test, a motorist can practically be sure that he will be safe from police attention as regards the road-worthiness of his vehicle.

Another item that the police will be active in testing for efficiency is the lighting up of the rear number-plate so that it can be read from 50 to 100 yards away at night while the car is travelling; at present there have only been a few prosecutions in reference to the rear light being extinguished when it should be alight, but, although warnings have been issued, no summonses appear to have been taken out for ill-lighted rear number-plates.

But this is sure to happen in the future, so the sooner motor manufacturers and owners of vehicles provide properly illuminated rear number-plates the better for everybody concerned.

There seems to be some doubt whether the Minister of Trans-

the new applicants for first-time licences on and after April 1 this year, so will not bother about last year's novices. Also the fee payable for a test is now fixed at 7s. 6d., the applicant providing his own vehicle. But experienced drivers may find themselves asked to pay this fee if convicted of careless or dangerous driving, when a test may be imposed before a person can resume driving.

But there are so many new laws for the motorist this year that I expect quite a large number of folk who could just manage to run a small car as their only pleasure will not dare risk the extra liabilities, and so will give up motoring and take to a pedal-cycle. For instance, the fine for exceeding the 30 m.p.h. speed limit in "built-up areas" is up to £20 for the first offence and up to £50 for a subsequent offence, besides the risk of licence being endorsed or disqualification for driving for a period. In fact, a first conviction for exceeding the speed limit or for careless driving may render the driver liable for disqualification for not more than one month, and for a subsequent conviction, not more than three months.



A CAR PRICED AT £195: A SINGER 9-H.P. LE MANS SPORTS FOUR-SEATER PHOTOGRAPHED OUTSIDE A THATCHED COTSWOLD COTTAGE ON THE OLD ROMAN FOSSE WAY.

joints in the transmission are now misdemeanours if the police discover them on any motor-vehicle on the road. According to a recent report in the *Motor*, the police are showing increasing interest in cars fitted with worn tyres. In the London Metropolitan area there were 100 prosecutions in this connection during the first six months of 1934. Motorists will find that it is safer and more economical to have the car's tyres retreaded before all the pattern has been worn off. But, as I have already written in these columns, motorists in the United Kingdom will be wise to have their cars officially inspected at any

port will ask drivers whose licences will be a year old on April 1 to pass a test of competency. Originally those persons who have taken out a driving licence for the first time after March 31, 1934, were to be tested before their licence would be renewed for a further twelvemonths. Now it would appear that the officials who will be appointed to carry out the test on drivers will have as much work as they can cope with in testing



ENTRANTS IN THE MONTE CARLO RALLY: MRS. TOM WISDOM, MRS. CHARLES NEEDHAM, AND MRS. STANILAND (LEFT TO RIGHT) ON THE RUNNING-BOARD OF THEIR CHRYSLER "AIRFLOW" EIGHT.

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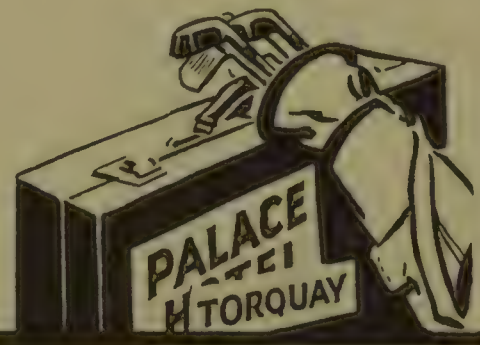
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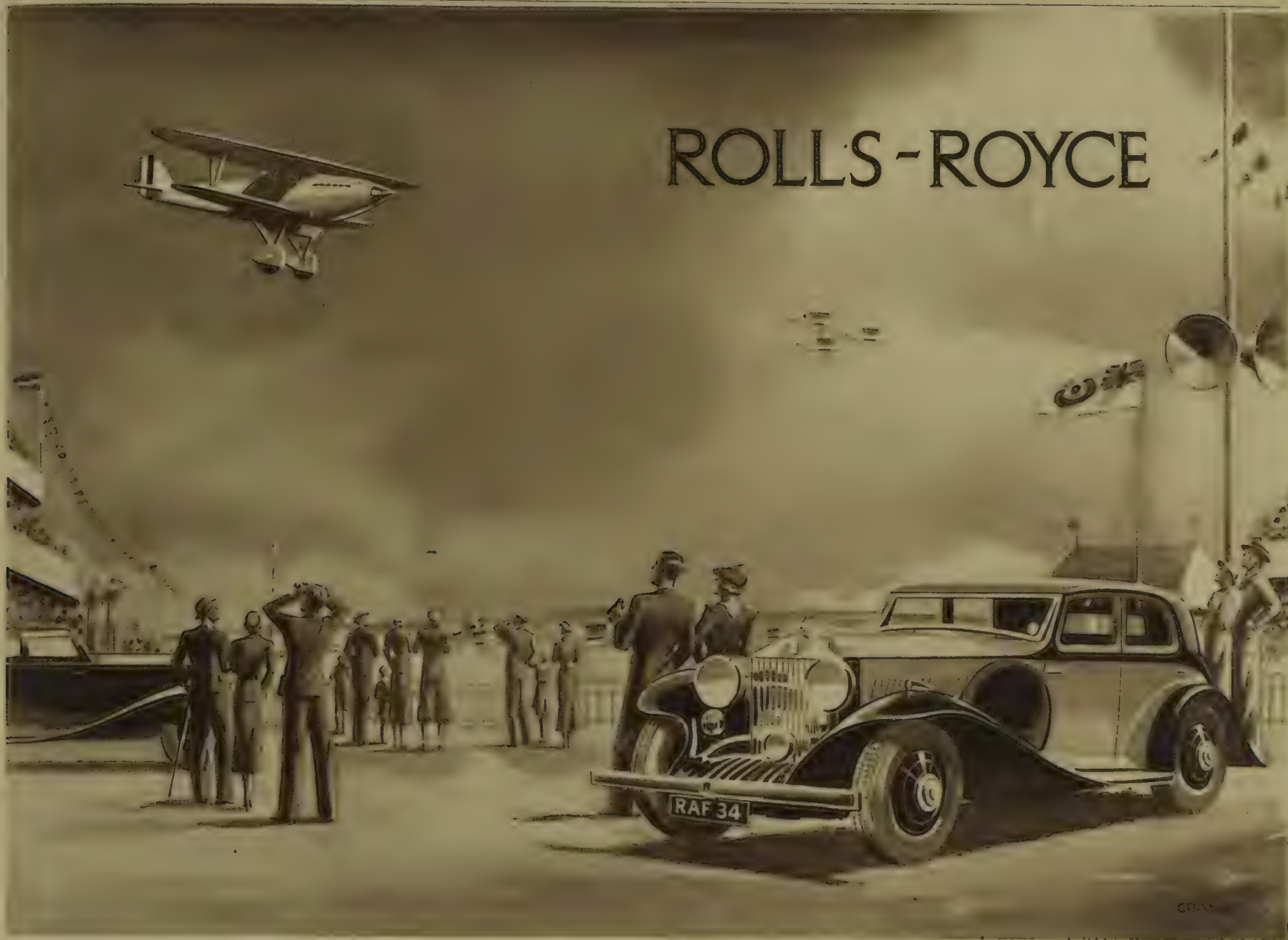
On railway platform and luggage grid the disadvantages of most winter holidays are obvious. Where three sat on the back seat in June, now jostle a heavily ulstered Uncle Joshua and a much be-minked Aunt Sibyl. And they are going to catch colds.

Good-bye, Sir Joshua! Good-bye, Lady Sibyl! For we are packing swimming suits, flannels and tennis racquets. To you the merry snowballing, the slides on the pond and other jolly winter sports. For us, a little dip, a little sunbathing, and—a little less expense. Next winter, join us at the PALACE, TORQUAY.

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Of Interest to Women.

ROUND THE WORLD AND OTHER CRUISES.

Lace Dresses—Nude Stockings—Shore Footwear.

It is all-world and lesser cruises that are of interest to women to-day, and, as the climates of the countries visited vary considerably, outfits have to be chosen with the utmost discretion. Evening dresses need not be discussed, as they are not governed by the reading of the thermometer. Nevertheless, a black, white, or coloured lace dress is essential. There are accessories that change the aspect of day as well as evening frocks, including caplets, scarves, and the many variations of the modish cravat-fronts, which are frequently reinforced with sleeves. Nude stockings should be worn, and may be supported by suspender-belts when the foundation garment is banished. Frankly, it is a mistake to abandon the latter, as the figure needs support, and always has its revenge when neglected. Shoes should be comfortable, and deck footwear must not be worn on shore. Fortnum and Mason, Piccadilly, are making a feature of shore shoes for tired feet. They are of soft glacié kid with motifs of suede and trellis-work. It seems almost unnecessary to add that this firm are responsible for the smartest of smart footwear.

Capes, Jackets, Shorts.

The Stefney three-in-one ensembles have evidently come to stay. They are members of the knitwear family—as a matter of fact, they may be called the aristocrats of the same. As will be seen, the Stefney ensemble pictured consists of swimmer, dress, and the smartest little jacket imaginable. Ultra-modern women are reverting to the old-world word "jacket." They prefer it to "coat." This outfit is as appropriate for wearing on deck as on shore. Sometimes a cape takes the place of the jacket; and shorts or trousers substituted for skirts. The colour schemes are subtle and distinctive. Brasserie tops are seen in conjunction with shorts, but they are cut in such a way that unsightly ridges of flesh in the vicinity of the waistline are camouflaged. Buttons, cords, and tassels all have their rôles to play. The Stefney one-piece has much to be in its favour. The continuation portion takes the form of shorts. The neckline is high and is finished with a polo collar, the sleeves terminating some inches above the elbows. Another new Stefney note is the cape, which slips over the head. It is the third piece to many of the ensembles. It looks so smart carried out in Roman stripe colours.



Hats of Felt and Paper Panama.

It is Scott's, the well-known hatters of 1, Old Bond Street, who are responsible for the hats pictured. They are available in felt Panama or ballbuntal. They are light in weight, perfectly ventilated, and sit well down on the head. Important features of the felt model at the top of the page are the shallow crown and fluted brim. In two shades of pastel-tinted felt, the cost is 50s. Ballbuntal has been used for the model above. The crown is encircled with ribbon and finished with a cockade to match. The hat below is of pale blue felt trimmed with ribbon. It is perfect for dull days on deck and for going ashore in general. It seems almost unnecessary to add that it is available in a variety of colours. This firm excel in riding hats of all kinds, as well as in tropical headgear. It may be said that everything in these salons is practically and practically perfect.

A Suma.

No matter the length of the voyage, there are three things that must be done for comfort which will result in pleasure—(1) the feet must be regularly dusted with Coty's Talcum Powder. It is inexpensive, simple to use, and robs the feet of all weariness; (2) a Suma friction for the hair. When it is used for massaging the scalp with quick movements, it promotes circulation and persuades the tresses to take unto themselves the appearance of silk. Furthermore, a healthy scalp reacts on the complexion in a highly satisfactory manner. This fact is endorsed by the medical faculty. (3) And for joy and happiness there is A Suma Perfume. A few drops behind the ears, on the temples, and on the eyelids (care must be taken not to let it wander into the eyes) acts as a charm and mental tonic. It must be used on the back of the hands and not on the palms.



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NOTES FROM A TRAVELLER'S LOG-BOOK.

By EDWARD E. LONG, C.B.E., F.R.G.S.

THE SUDAN—FOR WINTER REST AND TRAVEL.

THERE are few countries in the world which possess such splendid facilities for winter rest and travel as the Sudan. In its northern and central parts it has a winter climate which is as near perfect as possible: dry, sunny days, with a temperature resembling that of a warm English spring, light breezes, cool, refreshing nights, and a clearness and purity of atmosphere invaluable from a health point, and for sight-seeing—for everything is at its best, and the sharpness of the views of distant buildings, landscape, river and desert, is amazing, and the glory of sunrise and sunset is beyond words.

It is an easy journey to the Sudan. You have your choice of luxurious liners from this country to Egypt—P. and O., Orient, Bibby, Rotterdam Lloyd, or Nederland Mail, each of which has a regular service to Port Said; and from there to Wadi Halfa, the first town of the Northern Sudan, you travel by well-appointed trains of the Egyptian State Railways, via Cairo, to Shellal, just beyond Assuan, where you transfer

into one of the fine mail river steamers maintained by the Sudan Government. The remainder of your journey is over the historic waters of the Nile, a river cruise of exceptional charm, and one which affords an opportunity of witnessing the great Assuan Dam, the exquisite Temple of Philæ, the "Valley of the Lions," and the great Temple of Abu Simbel, which for grandeur and magnificence is second to

none in all Egypt. Stops are made which enable passengers to explore these gigantic ruins of the past, and in this wise, and with the river scenes of native life, and the beauty of the scenery of the Second Cataract, the time passes all too quickly, and you are loth to leave your floating hotel.

Wadi Halfa has much to recommend it for a rest cure. It is a small and quiet town, with a pleasant hotel of dazzling white in the sunshine, embowered in palms; the Nile here is very lovely, and the desert sunsets are enchanting. Moreover, a travellers' camp has been organised amid the sands and rocks of the desert, and days and nights may be spent on that vast sand-sea which from here spreads westwards across the great Sahara, and over which one may ride on camel or in car, see the life of the Bedouin, and sense something of the mystery of the great spaces. From Wadi Halfa, a luxury train of the Sudan Government Railway, known as the "Desert Mail," bears one swiftly to Khartoum—a fine modern city, with a charming situation between the waters of the Blue and the White Nile, and well laid out with wide streets, a handsome tree-shaded promenade by the banks of the Blue Nile, imposing buildings, most conspicuous among which is the palace of the Governor-General, amidst luxuriant tropical foliage, and with, amongst others, a splendid hotel, the Grand, where one may enjoy the comforts of hotel life as in London, Paris, or New York. Only thirty-six years ago Khartoum was in the ruined state in which the Mahdi left it after Gordon's death: now it is a winter tourist resort *par excellence*, and near by, just across the White Nile, is Omdurman, the largest wholly native city in



IN A SMALL AND QUIET TOWN WHICH HAS MUCH TO RECOMMEND IT AS A PLACE FOR A REST CURE: THE HOTEL, WADI HALFA.

WISE IN THEIR GENERATION



Our youngers and betters (*says the Vicar*) are not *always* disposed to accept advice from those of riper years. But the 'old gang' (as I believe they call us) are still allowed the status of experts on port and tobacco, and many a young man, I am told, will toss his pouch of Three Nuns across the room with the remark, "Try some of 'the Vicar's choice'!"

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THE BAZAAR IN THE LARGEST WHOLLY NATIVE CITY IN AFRICA: A SCENE IN THE SUK, OMDURMAN.

all Africa: a network of narrow lanes lined with mud-huts and houses of sun-dried bricks, where you will see types of most of the African races, native ivory-carvers, silver-smiths, leather merchants, and arm-ourers at work, markets for the sale of ivory, ostrich feathers, and gum arabic, camels and cattle, and feel that you are as far away from the civilisation of our Western world as you can imagine.

And to remove yourself further still, you have but to take a trip up the White Nile from Khartoum to Juba, near the Uganda border, passing through great wastes of sand and thorn-bush, where live the wild Baggara, and some of whom you may see riding along the river banks on huge bulls and carrying long spears; dense forests, with patches of papyrus fringing the river; the land of that curious race known as the Shilluks, with their mud-walled, grass-thatched huts; and that of the Dinkas, nude giants, with strange customs; the region of the Sudd, with its huge swamps, teeming with crocodiles and hippopotami; and the country of big game, where, from the steamer's deck, you see herds of elephant and buffalo, possibly rhinoceros, lion, leopard, antelope, eland, hartebeest, gazelle, and wart-hog. The Sudan is indeed a land of strange and amazing contrasts!

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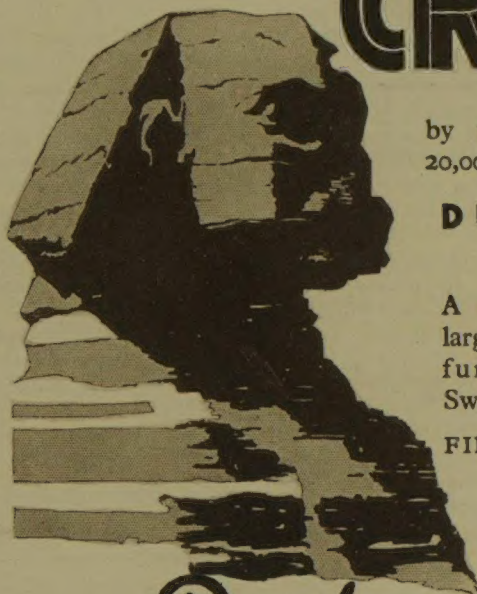
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JANE'S "FIGHTING SHIPS."

THE Naval Talks and Japan's denunciation of the Washington Treaty have focussed the world's attention on the Naval situation in general. The extensive building programmes undertaken by more than one foreign country, and the imminent probability of the British Navy being brought up to Treaty strength, makes the perusal of Jane's "Fighting Ships, 1934" (Sampson Low and Marston; £2 2s.), an absorbing study. It is too early yet to give reliable details of the new capital ships which Italy is laying down—though the editor of "Fighting Ships" feels safe in predicting that these will provide surprises—but, failing this, perhaps the most interesting vessels described in the 1934 volume are the Japanese cruiser *Mogami* and her sister-ships. The *Mogami*, an 8500-ton vessel, mounts no fewer than fifteen 6-inch weapons. Her aggressive qualities would appear to have influenced the design of the new U.S. cruisers of the *Savannah* class; while our own new cruisers, with only twelve such guns, cannot be said to afford a very pleasing comparison. None the less, Japanese construction is at present under a cloud, owing to the capsizing of the *Tomozuru*, and it is understood that the stability of several classes is under question. Certainly a glance at the photographs of some of these odd-looking ships gives the impression that they carry an undue amount of top-hammer. Among other vessels of interest are the new U.S. aircraft-carrier *Ranger*, of 14,500 tons; the new French battleship, the *Strasbourg*, which, it appears, will closely resemble her sister-ship, the *Dunkerque*; the *Admiral Scheer*, launched by Germany, a fine photograph of which is given; the *Canarias*, a new Spanish cruiser of very up-to-date appearance; and

the Swedish *Göteborg*, the world's first "cruiser-carrier," whose debut is being watched with great interest; though, of course, she is a very different proposition from the American flight-deck cruisers, so often proposed, and yet to be built. As usual, "Fighting Ships" is most ably edited by Dr. Oscar Parkes, O.B.E.

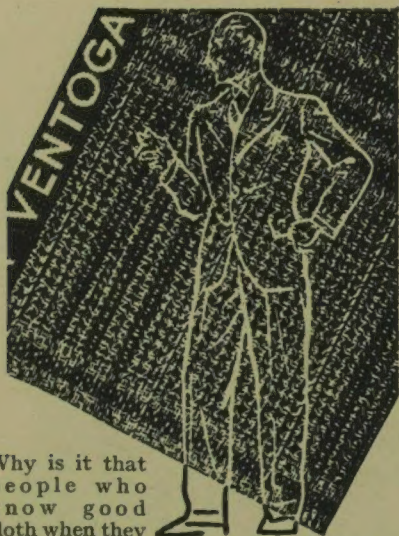
Bridge players who do not take the game—and themselves—too seriously will revel in a little book called "Aces Made Easy," or, Pons Asinorum in a Nutshell. By W. D. H. McCullough and Fougasse. With Illustrations by the latter (Methuen; 5s.). This is a skit bubbling over with light-hearted humour and a delicious spirit of frivolity. It is not so much a satire as an ebullition of sheer fun, though it takes off the foibles of the bridge-table much as the idiosyncrasies of the school-book historian were travestied in "1066 and All That." At the same time it might be said, perhaps, to parody the solemn elaborations of technique, temperament, and so on, in the countless books published nowadays on every sort of game and pastime. The incidental drawings by Fougasse are, as might be anticipated, a delightfully amusing feature. Besides providing the armchair bookworm with exhilarating fare, "Aces Made Easy" will probably be much in vogue as a source of comic readings in places where bridge "fans" gather together, and it would make an appropriate birthday gift to one of the craft. Some of the most entertaining sections are those on the psychology of bridge, the "post-mortem," and the description of "an actual game," told in the breezy manner of a broadcast announcer. Here, again, is a passage on bidding, which may be given as typical: "The jump, the decoy, the choke-off,

the shut-out, the egg-on, the egg-off, the crawl, the free-style, the Christie Wink, the Tattersall Twitch, the lob and the swinger, every bid that it is possible to make, and several others, have already been classified and tabulated." Finally, a "recapitulation" takes the form of a sinister parable, about a shipwrecked man who was "returned to the sharks" by a fair rescuer when, on recovering consciousness, he suddenly said: "Two spades!"

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That most valuable reference book, "A List of English 'Clubs'"—3950 of them—has just been published. It covers London, the provinces, the British Empire, and the rest of the world. Particulars are given of no fewer than 1752 golf clubs; this number includes 253 ladies' golf clubs. An alphabetical index to provincial clubs is of great assistance. In this the clubs are entered under their name, whereas in the body of the work they are entered under the post town. The price is 7s. 6d.

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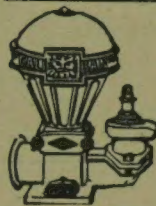
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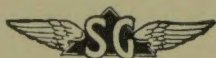
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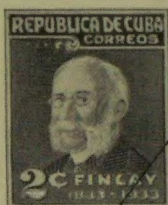
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FROM Cuba, this month, we have two new portrait-stamps to do honour to a famous physician. Dr. Carlos J. Finlay, who discovered the mosquito transmitter of yellow fever, was a Cuban, born in Camaguey, in 1833; he died in Havana in August 1915.



CUBA: THE CENTENARY OF THE DISCOVERER OF THE YELLOW FEVER MOSQUITO.

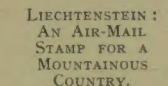
Czechoslovakia, having struck a musical note in the Smetana stamp last year, plays on, presenting now a finely engraved portrait of the composer Dvorak, on a new 50-haleru stamp. In the border are the opening notes of his "Stabat Mater." The same country is about to celebrate in stamps the centenary of her national anthem.

It is a surprise to find the Greek Post Office, which has had so many fine issues engraved and printed in England, going now to Poland. But Warsaw is now to be reckoned with in the stamp-manufacturing line. Mr. L. Sowinski has designed, and Mr. Wl. Vacek engraved, the new Greek 8-drachmai stamp illustrated. It shows the entrance to the Stadium at Athens, seen from the fine boulevard approach, with the statue of the thrower of the discus in the foreground.



GREECE: THE ENTRANCE TO THE STADIUM, ATHENS.

An attractive short set of six stamps from Latvia presents four pictorial subjects, the Palace of the President (3 and 40 santimi), the Arms of the Republic (5 and 10 santimi), an allegorical figure representing Latvia (20 santimi), and a view of Government House (35 santimi). The stamps are lithographed at the Latvian State Printing Works in Riga.



LIECHTENSTEIN: AN AIR-MAIL STAMP FOR A MOUNTAINOUS COUNTRY.

A prominent Austrian philatelist, Mr. Ludwig Hesshaimer, who is also a self-taught painter and engraver, has designed the newest Air Mail stamps for Liechtenstein. The design is not so notable as some others by this artist, but, printed by photogravure in green, the eagle perched on a mountain peak makes an appropriate enough theme for an air stamp for a country that is rather too mountainous to possess an aerodrome.

A mounted knight in shining armour, and holding a banner with the word "Health," is the device on the annual charity postage-stamp of New Zealand. The design is by Mr. J. Berry, an artist of Wellington, but it has been engraved and printed by the steel-plate process in London, by Messrs. De la Rue and Co.

The jubilee of our Protectorate in Papua fell last year, but the long-expected pictorial stamps in honour of the occasion have just arrived. They were printed in Melbourne, and the Government stamp printer has been busy for many months with the special Australian stamps. The subjects of the four Papuan stamps are interesting, but the quality of the engraving does not quite justify the ambitious effort to present large historical paintings in the limited area of a postage-stamp. The scene on the 1d. and 3d. stamps shows the hoisting of the Union Jack at Port Moresby on Nov. 6, 1884. Inset are portraits of Boe Vagi, the head chief of the Motu tribes, and Commodore Erskine, of H.M.S. Nelson.



PAPUA: HOISTING THE UNION JACK, FIFTY YEARS AGO.

On the 2d. and 5d. the scene is on board the Nelson, with Erskine accompanied by the famous missionaries, the Rev. W. Lawes and Rev. James Chalmers, talking to a group of squatting natives, behind whom are the ship's officers and other ranks. All these in an engraving of an inch wide and half an inch deep. Along the bridge you can read the historic signal: "Every man will do his duty."

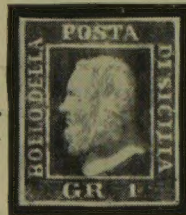
The Sudan already has a fine picture of the equestrian statue of Gordon at Khartoum on the current air-mail stamps. This month, a special set of nine ordinary postage-stamps has appeared in connection with the fiftieth anniversary of the great General's death. The three designs, spread over nine values, show a portrait of Gordon, the Gordon Memorial College at Khartoum, and a scene at the Memorial Service held just after the Battle of Omdurman, in 1898. The last of these is especially interesting, as, in addition to the inset portrait of Gordon, the Sirdar, Major-General Sir Herbert Kitchener, and a group of the officers in command at Omdurman, are portrayed in the group.



NEW ZEALAND: THE LATEST HEALTH STAMP.



SUDAN: GENERAL GORDON ON THE NEW MEMORIAL STAMPS.



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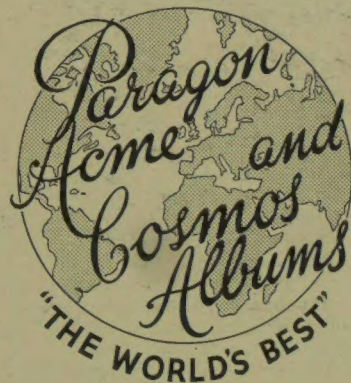
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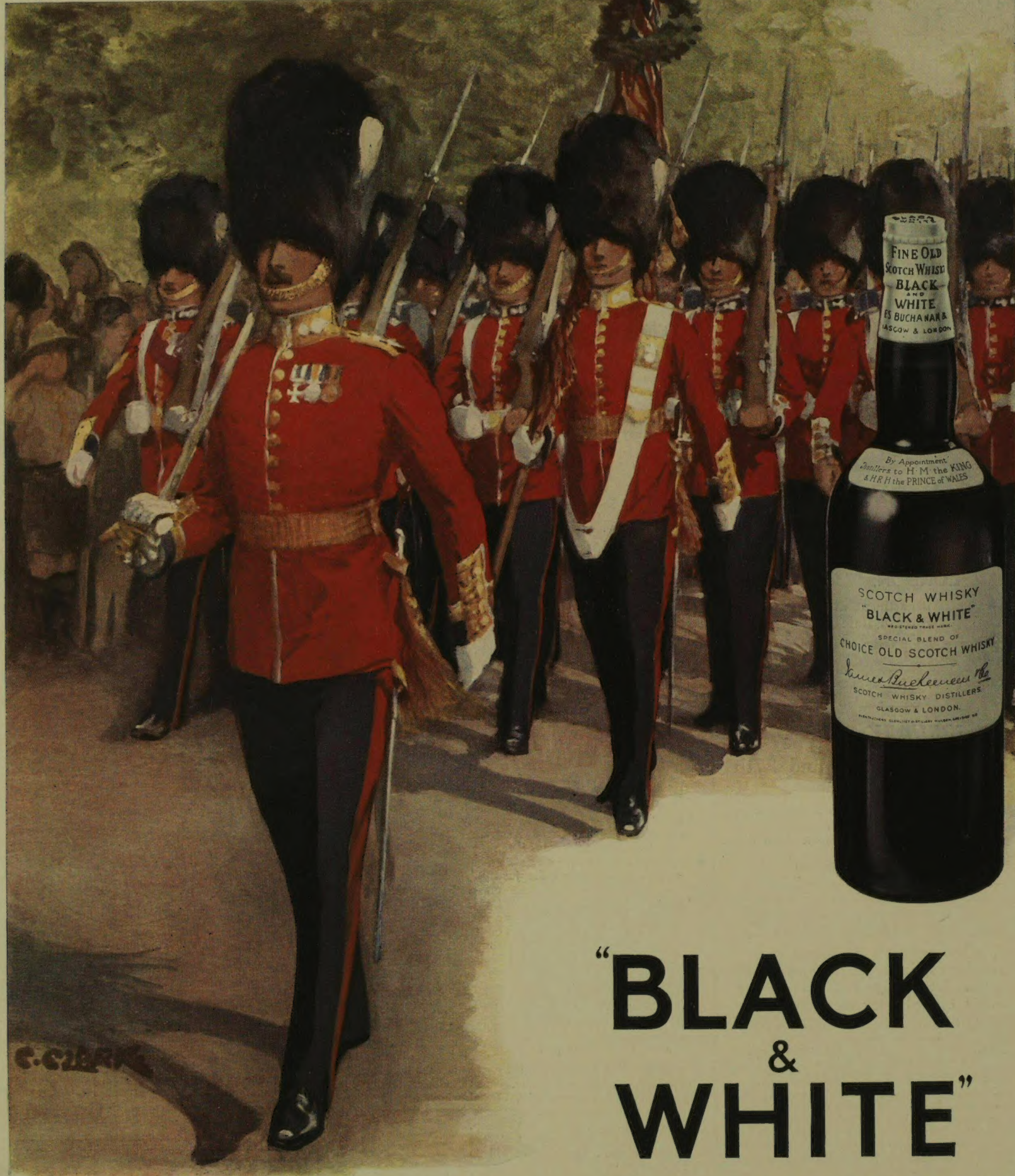
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